

Innis Herald
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Issue 4



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Issue 4, volume 30

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In this issue...

The Innis
semi-formal
(pages 10 & 11)

Student Walkout
(pages 6-9)

Music, Film &
our new
Performance
reviews
(pages 13-20)

plus much, much more!

EDITORIALS

DRAMATIZED

As a dedicated fan of the entertainment world, I am happy to announce the arrival of our performance section. For the past few issues, it had been unnecessarily neglected and in light of this paper, theatre is an immediate art form that is due more attention.

For centuries, theatre was in wide acclaim as it was one of the few available spheres of 'escape'. Through body language and emotive words sometimes strung into song, our minds were captured within the woven tale of the playwright. Unfortunately, with the steady advancement of technology, the performance arts has been pushed into the background. Though not altogether forgotten, it is an event that demands more energy than the average filmgoer is willing to give. Aside from the chosen actors, settings are sometimes scant which may deter those individuals jaded with their diet of visually spectacular 'Spielberg' effects.

One week ago, Innis College re-entered the theatrical realm with Daniel Currie-Hall's *Schrodinger and Pandora* through the Hart House Drama Festival. Fraught with introspective anecdotes, it established a solid foundation of entertainment for the arts connoisseur. As a victim of current society, I too am guilty of neglecting the oldest of art forms. Though I will not promise you a complete coverage of the theatre, I and the members of the Herald staff will keep you informed of campus and city performances to the best of our ability. With your support, we will keep this art alive.

STUDENT PROTEST MY ASS

Wednesday January 25th was supposed to be our day in the sun. We - the angered student populace of Canada - were to march out of the class rooms and onto the muddled lawns of parliaments everywhere. Pickets in hand, witty slogans cutting through the cold January air, megaphones waving above the seething crowd... this was to be our day.

Tell that to the scabs.

I'm not talking about those students who were fundamentally opposed to the student walkout. There were many legitimate excuses for remaining in class that day. "I agree with Lloyd Axworthy's proposals" or "I don't think demonstrations are a positive bargaining tool" etc. etc. But how many students do you know would subscribe to these beliefs? Precious few. And how many determined protesters hit the streets that Wednesday afternoon? Precious few.

Axworthy is not our problem. Apathy is.

As news coverage of the days events was broadcast across the country, many journalists were suprised at the poor turnout. One commentator looked humourously at the gaggle of students on Parliament Hill and labeled the student protest as "paltry". And so it was. If the lack of numbers truly represented the convictions of students in Canada, I would not be writing this editorial today. But from what I can see, they don't. Students put their selfish little needs above the general cause of future scholastic generations. We are not the ones who will benefit from these protests. It is our younger siblings or future kids who will look back to Wednesday January 25th, 1995, and see it as the turning point of post-secondary education in this country. And they'll have a good laugh. Those who can afford to, that is.

Special thanks goes out to Deb, and Gordie who spent far too much time in bring this high quality paper to you readers!

Quote from our Prez:

"Uh, I don't have a platform"

-Aaron Magney
ICSS President

the innis herald: february 1995.

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Deadline for March Issue:

Friday, February 25, 1995.

The Innis Herald is a monthly, student-run newspaper of Innis College. The Innis Herald has an open-letter policy. We reserve the right to edit any submissions, including sexist, racist, or homophobic contents, in consultation with the author. All writing submitted must be accompanied by the author's signature and telephone number. The views and opinions expressed in the Innis Herald attribute only to their authors and do not reflect the opinions of Innis College and the student body.

LETTERS to the Editors

New Edition stops the presses for 1995

New College Student Council - Press Release

Dear Editors,

Sadly I must inform you that on Sunday January 29th, 1995 the New College Students' Council (NCSC), in a majority vote, decided to discontinue the publication of the student newspaper, *The New Edition*, for the remainder of this year. References to financial unaccountability were cited, as were poor communication and uncooperativeness. Irreconcilable differences were also mentioned in addition to the restricted amount of time left in the academic year.

Ironically on the eve of this decision, the Council treasurer recieved a letter from Mr. (Will) Steeves (Men's Issues Editor) suggesting that the Council had somehow duped the media and the entire student

community as to our intentions. In a response to this accusation I can only resassert that the equipment, which was stolen almost a year ago, was purchased and recieved last year. Every effort this Council has made to secure *The New Edition* office, before the equipments installation and to prevent a recurrence, was met with stern opposition from Mr. Vadum (Managing Editor) and as such has been delayed time and time again. It should also be noted that Mr. Vadum was made aware of the NCSC meeting on at least two occasions and neither he nor a representative from *The New Edition* appeared.

Let me apologize to New College students and students in general for the termination of the publication yet urge them to voice their concerns and opinions so the future New College students may benefit.

Sincerely,

George Luck
NCSC President

Dear Editors:

I am extremely disappointed in ya. I thought better of de Innis Herald than de treatment I recieved when me picture wuz defaced. Being an Innis student I should have de right to not have me article or pictures altered without first consulting with me. Everything I've done, I've done in good taste. I had respected Rob Judges work, even though I disagreed wit him at every turn. Rob Judges being the Graphics jr. editor should not have de authority to arbitrarily deface me material. Life will go one wit or wit-out rurals. Long live Urbans.

-Funky Hot Papa

random THOUGHTS

Hauverschköpes

English translation by Wolfgang Oberhausen von Borscht (a.k.a. Alan Wong)

Today's Birthday:

You will get calls from family and friends. Happy thoughts will lead you to happiness... maybe a decapitation?

Aquarivus (Jan 20-Feb 18):

Your future looks bright, especially if you look both ways before crossing the highway. Just because the ice cream is cold doesn't mean the carrot will fetch the newspaper.

Pisces (Feb 19-March 20):

For every moment of happiness, a man will drop a pickled egg on the wooden spoon. He will hunt you.

Airwees (March 21-April 19):

You will be very naughty. I see leather, whips, chains, whip cream, and a probationary status in your future.

Tarvus (April 20-May 20):

When the moonlight hits the clouds over Aunt Alma's house, you will be vacuuming your carpets.

Geminvie (May 21-June 21):

A bird in the hand is worth \$5.37 if you sell it to Hilga's house of birds and cottage cheese. The cage is in the bush; find it.

Cancer (June 22-July 22):

Hot dog condiments are not worth the pain. Do you see your death in the mayonnaise? It is closer than you think.... Doorways and sidewalks will be of a challenge on Wednesday.

Wergo (Aug 23-Sept 22):

Among the buffalos, you are the daring one. Beware of bald men who are overly-friendly on the subway.

Libra (Sept 23-Oct 23):

I see a great future in your career unless table dancing is your desire. Don't assume that everything will work out just because you brushed your teeth.

Scörpio (Oct 24-Nov 21):

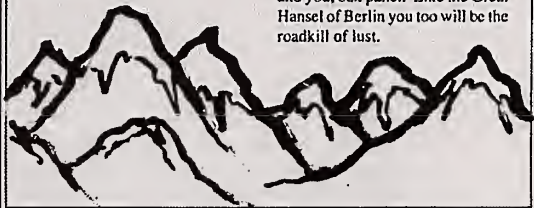
For every embarrassing moment a little antelope must fall. Look behind you at 11:47am every Friday this month.

Sagittarivus (Nov 22-Dec 21):

Money will be tight, especially if your butt isn't. Keep your wallet in your front pocket.

Capricorn (Dec 22-Jan 19):

Apple strudels are made of apples and you, oak panel. Like the Great Hansel of Berlin you too will be the roadkill of lust.



Dear Aunt Alma,

I am a first year student at Innis, and a very lonely one. I live in the new Innis Residence with a number of other people in my apartment. They are okay, and the residence is nice too, but I'm finding it very hard to make friends here. People never invite me out to events, and I don't have any friends from high school in Toronto. What should I do?

Sincerely yours,
Lonely in Toronto

Aunt Alma answers to all your problems!

Dear Lonely in Toronto,

First year at university can be a frightening experience. If you are a shy person to begin with, the onslaught of hundreds of new people can seem quite overwhelming. Instead of curling up in a protective ball, you will have to face this challenge head on. This will mean taking risks. Instead of waiting for invites, ask the gang if you can come along. If this seems too pushy, try to join a club or activity at Innis. There are plenty of intramural sports teams who beg for new members! If fantasy role-playing is your thing, join the I.R.S. or buy a pack of Magic cards and join the die-hards in the Pit. And if nothing at Innis appeals to you, venture outside into the exciting underworld of Toronto. Volunteer work and group listings can be found at the University of Toronto Career Centre or the classified section of Now magazine.

Dear Aunt Alma,

I am graduating this Spring and am scared shitless! I have no idea what to do after university. I don't have a

job and don't even want one. I have no real vocation for anything, and I'm not a wandering artist who is waiting for that big break. I simply don't know what to do with my life and my safety net is about to fall from under me.

Yours truly,
The Graduating Misfit

Dear Graduating Misfit,

Yours is not an isolated complaint. Many people go through this period of anxiety when they leave school. Your life is about to fundamentally change and, as yet, there is no clear path waiting for you to follow. You have reached the stage when answers must be found. Instead of putting off those important life steering questions, you must actively seek to resolve them. Don't sit at home watching Star Trek marathons. Get a job and earn money so you can travel. Answers are often found in strange places.

Dear Aunt Alma,

I am severely homophobic. It's not my fault, my whole family is like

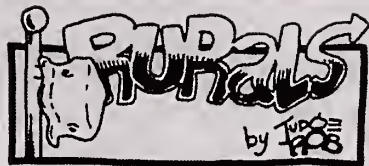
that and the small town where I grew up is like that too. I never thought it was wrong until I came to Toronto, and found that fags are normal guys. But I can't stop feeling revulsion when it comes to homosexuality. I don't want to feel this way, but I can't seem to change.

Signed,
Homophobic Heterosexual

Dear Homophobic Heterosexual,

First things first, don't use the word "fag". It is offensive and rude. About your homophobia: it is understandable where your feelings of revulsion towards gays and lesbians stemmed from. Lessons taught in the home shape your life forever. But don't remove all the blame from your shoulders. You have recognized your problem, and that is the first step on the road to self-responsibility. Exposure to the gay scene through friends or books might help you feel more comfortable about homosexuality. After all, it is alienation and ignorance that fuels the fire of homophobia.

random THOUGHTS



There's some important stuff at hand so let's get the Rural Top Ten out of the way ...

1. "Wrecktime" - Smif n Wessun
2. The Sadies, Sneaky Dee's, Jan 28
3. "Dummy" lp - Portishead
4. Ralph Wiggum
5. Smart Bombs
6. "Haunted Dancehall" lp - Sabres of Paradise
7. Sleeping
8. "In the Garage" - Weezer
9. Donkey Kong Country on Super NES
10. Nothing

This is a pretty boring top ten list. The best thing is the new Smif n Wessun single, for Christ's sake. The Sadies are a good band, but no big deal. Numbers 5 and 7 are obviously filler, and 8 and 9, in better times, would more likely be 15 and 16. I couldn't even think of a 10. What a shitty moment in time. It would have been easier to make a list of ten wack things...

With that garbage out of the way, here's Rurals ...

The Innis Herald isn't that good. Maybe I have too high standards, but I don't think the Herald is such a good paper. The editors are great, but unfortunately, like at every other U of T paper, it's the writers that keep the Herald down. I am partly guilty of this.

In hindsight, my first few columns were shitty. They were written carelessly, the subjects were vague and the humour was too inside, although I must admit I liked being (somewhat) mysterious. I couldn't believe the feedback I got about Rurals. I was totally excited, and I didn't even care that some people thought it was wack, cuz what they was dissin wasn't even the right stuff to diss. Had people attacked me for being a shitty writer, I might have gone "Alright, you win," but suckers were dissin me as a personality, as a teenager, and as a citizen of Scarborough, all of which are things I can't help.

Some of my critics wrote articles that slagged me. Fair enough, I suppose, but they sounded even dumber than I did in my column. These critics gave up the quest to ruin me, except for the dumbest one of them all, Funky Hot Papa, whose efforts to defame me became stupider and stupider. For exam-

ple, here's the Funky one's original picture from last issue, just like he wanted. It's that Q-Bert character having a dump, and the toilet paper says "Rurals". Pretty clever, eh? So here it is, the original funny picture ...



Before the issue went to print, the graphics editor (me) changed it to say "Urbans" on the toilet paper. I don't feel bad for doing it, I just feel that maybe it was a waste of time, given that the shittyness of the original graphic is enough of a burn on Funky Hot Papa anyways; pencil lines are visible, the humour is base, and the character is a rip-off.

The editors asked me to apologize to Funky Hot Papa, who apparently bitched about the alteration, but I told them I'd sooner quit. I thought for sure this would be my final Rurals, and I still kinda feel like packing up, but I'd rather stick this shit out and see what happens than give in.

I'm gonna be changing up Rurals for next time, bringing a less personal vibe to the column. I'll probably write about it's origins and stuff like that, and not let inferior articles such as Urbans distract me and lower my calibre. I don't even know if there's gonna be an Urbans in this month's issue. Hope not.

Advice to other writers: Don't write for yourselves, and if you want to, then keep a diary. If yer gonna write for a paper like the Herald, write for readers, and don't be an ass.

P.S. The Herald isn't so bad.

YO! YO! Lingo-Heads!

If you talk through your ass & feel like paying lip service to the malignant & tiresome Rurals/Urbanis battle, write in on a sheet of toilet paper and let us know what you think. No matter what your opinion, make sure that you include some graffiti, but don't bother to find out how much spray is actually available and then we'll get to put in more of these spray-cheese filler things.



by Dars to be Huge

Ho! I'm sitting in for Funky Hot Papa! Since, he wuz majorly slammed by that jerk-off, Rob Judges. It was cowardly of the dude to change the picture without his consent. But that's another story.

Here I am writing this article and I have nothing to write about. Ho! I do. I want to talk about censorship. When 2 live crew wuz censored, I was furious, because it was society and their fucked up ways. I think if someone writes a song, they should be allowed to have the song played in its entirety. The artist is expressing himself, and if you censor him, then you are not able to understand what he is truly trying to express.

I know when Funky called me and told me he wuz censored or fucked over royally I wuz disturbed that the Innis Herald would do that. But it really wuzn't the Innis Herald, but Rob Judges, the self-proclaimed defender of hip-hop. Bullshit. Like he is the know-it-all of hip-hop. Like he has this claim on the culture. Bullshit. Rob Judges, you are full of shit. You ain't nothin' but a bag that needs to be pepped on hard. I have been following your column, you're not who you say you are. You are a fraud. And when Funky tried to expose you, you freaked and tried to play him. When I first read your article, I thought bey, there's somethin' to what he's saying, but you had to change your style and now it's austin' but "a piece of crap!" Neil Young.

Here's somethin' for ya, from Funky Hot Papa himself:

Hey!
Wait!
I've got a new complaint!
I think Rurals is a pain!

All Apologies.

What else should I be (I'd rather be Urbans if it's all the same)?
All apologies.
What else should I say (anything I goddam want to)?
Rob Judges is gay.

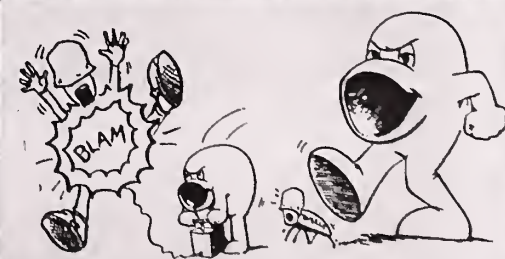
What else should I write?
I don't have the right.
What else should I be?
All apologies.

So there you have it. Funky has spoken.

Here's some visuals, cuz a picture is worth a thousand words. Funky will be back next month stronger than ever. So Urbanites, keep the faith, and eat your vitamins and pray to the big guy up there. Rob, what-the-gon-na do, when Urbans run all over ya? See you. Wouldn't wanna be ya.

Urbans Top 9

9. Funky's funky writing style
8. 2 live crew
7. Rob Judges tragic life, he doesn't have one.
6. Ecstasy Mother Fuckers
5. The Watchmen
4. Smokin' doobie's
3. Livin' life on the edge
2. Drinkin' JD with Funky
1. Lime Light with R.



FOCUS

Student protests: the jury is still out

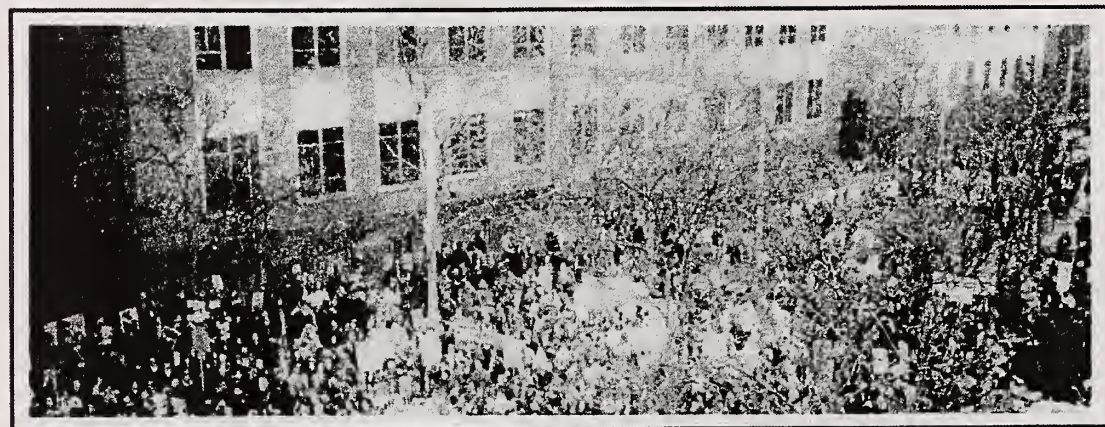
The student walk-outs on January 25, 1995, shook the ideal of protest. Some argue that students once again found their voice. Perhaps it was lost. Perhaps they never had it. In any case, optimists view Jan. 25 as a polarizing moment in the history of Canadian student protest.

Pessimists have another view. They say that a turn-out of 40,000 was pathetic. They say that the concern students have for their own fate is obvious. Finally, and perhaps most insidiously, they say it would not have made any difference to the decision-makers.

The *Innis Herald* is focussing on the issue of the student-walk outs; as an item of particular interest (to us), and as an item of general concern. Wednesday, January 25, will live in the minds and hearts of many a student as an important day. Our News section will be focussing on the events that transpired,

and will in the process communicate some of our ideas on the issue.

This is unavoidable. In fact, it is our intention. We will hopefully tell a descriptive tale, from a certain perspective, of a certain day. This is all that we hope for.



10:15am - Innisites prepare a special treat for the day's events.



11:00am - Woodsworth College: A small but dedicated speakers corner.

Ryerson Rally

By Erinn Freypons

Awe is the word that could best describe my first impression of the Ryerson rally. It was huge. There is something of a natural high that pervades the masses when you stand, linked together, in a crowd of thousands. Enough about the form of the rally; its substance must be explored.

The rally was both entertaining and informative.

1) THE ENTERTAINMENT: The entertainment was primarily provided by Moxy Fruvous, who even wrote a song for the event. It was humorous and simple, and easily allowed the eager mob to enter into a sing along. The lyrics went something like this:

In the morning paper	And that terrible monster
Mr. Axeworthy said	Called the deficit
We can save this country	It's gonna grow up and eat us
When all our programs are dead.	Unless we start to eat shit

Want to cut the transfers
Graduations sky high
Get rid of philosophy
So no one evers ask why.

Frankly Lloyd	And though some people may say
We're not annoyed	Lloyd, that you really suck
Because you say there's no other way	Frankly folks,
We might kill them in the process	Lately,
But then students have to pay	Lloyd does'nt give a fuck.

And while were at it	Quit pampering students
Let's close the hospitals too	Their living like kings
Health Care and Education	Spending all the money
That's what made the deficit grew	Learning artsy things

We got to keep those investors - don't scare them
We got to let them know we're tough
University and College,
That's superfluous stuff.

2) THE INFORMATION: The Ryerson rally was not merely entertainment. It had a number of important speakers, who touched on a multitude of subjects. One fascinating and innovative speaker was Rinaldo, a graduate student, who I had the privilege of interviewing at City Hall.

Erinn: Can you talk about the tuition hikes strangely coinciding with the gay and lesbian programs being accepted to university? What substance do you think there is to this...

Rinaldo: Well most of the people, from my perspective as a graduate student, who come to the University to gay and lesbian studies, anti-racist work, and feminist work, are not funded - so they rely on OSAP and Canada Student Loans to get through their programs. And if it means that tuition is going to double and people are going to have to borrow twice as much money as they already have to borrow (to engage in these particular areas of research), they will not bother to come. Especially with all the other things they have to put up with just to do that kind of research: which is to find people who work in the areas to supervise them, which is simply to put up with the hell of the institution that does'nt recognize theses as legitimate areas of study and so forth. So that, for me, is the so substantive issue around these so called 'cuts' and increases in tuition.

Erinn: From your perspective, which is different than ours as undergraduates: from your perspective, as a grsduate student, with tuition already really high - do you know what these cuts will do to you?

Rinaldo: Well right now at UoT, for sure, they have gotten rid of (they used to have something called called post-program fees, which meant that, after you had spent your 2 years in residency your fees dropped to less than 60%) post-program fees, so now, if it takes you 6 years to do your PHD, you'll have to spend \$3000 per year - so, if tuition goes up to \$5000 or \$6000 that's 6000 X 6, and given what graduate students live on, many of them are already committed to food banks because they cannot survive from September to April on what they make as T.A.'s - if they're lucky enough to get one and in the summer, they cannot survive, period. Obviously, the tuition hikes would wreak havoc on the lives that graduate students live - not to mention graduate students who are married and have children, or graduate students who live with another person - so it's a very complex issue.

Rinaldo wants to send a heartfelt apology to Rob - you know why.

The Ryerson rally was far and away the best rally across Canada on the 25th. It was involving, informative, entertaining, and a glimpse at what student protest can (and might) be, in the 90's.



11:30am - Gareth Spanglett, SAC President, speaks at Woodsworth.



12:45am - The march from Woodsworth to Convocation Hall.



12:55am - They begin to gather outside the doors of Convocation Hall.

Save your time

By Rachel Murray

"You say you want a revolution baby well there's nothing like your own"
Obligatory Article/man on the street piece! Impressions of the Strike! Anti-Corporate State ranting piece all in one! Save your time when combined!

Well I'm not going to sit here and make you read journalistic, analytical sound bite coverage of the "anti-apathy event of the year". Quality coverage about economic and social consequences of the "proposed" educational spending cuts has been presented in every newspaper (kudos to The Gargoyle and even The Varsity) and has been on a lot of our minds, politicians and students alike. Tuition hikes, protest, economics... all these angles are great for a depressing read. Oh I suppose it's a reality check, but I guess I assume watching the news is reality enough for me. I can't give a report of any "yes, take to the streets! Lynch the pigs" (a bit tired. Call tomorrow.) but I can tell you what's on the mind of a cynic, doubter, and lazy Innisite who sees the world as interconnected. Student-no money-rally-workforce-social programs-country, especially if it's all in one article (I had to warn you) might sound like a typical conspiracy "everything in the world is linked together" but at least J.F.K. doesn't make an appearance. The big picture is worth considering, especially in the face of constant threat of American culture where "everybody seems infected with the virus of argument and the need for triumph"-Pete Hamill.

RALLY ON

Quick impressions for quick times: Coming from a poster child-for-apathy high-school, I liked seeing people "walking off" away from the classrooms in solidarity. It might not have been a strike (Prez. Pritchard said it's O.K. to join the pickets) but it was nonetheless good travelling around Toronto, blocking Yonge Street for a few minutes and making our position known (from "no more cuts" to "fry the pigs"). Good pickets ("Buddy can you spare 50,000 dimes" etc.) and a sense of camaraderie were in the air, and for the 4,000 students, civil disobedience (in its mildest form) was an exercise in voicing dissent. Down at Ryerson we met with other groups of students. Passing by the statue of Egerton Ryerson, it felt certainly like what we were doing was not just "a waste of time". I don't know much about him, but I do know that Canada's founder of universal education thought that education was the best way to reform society. We may already be the privileged (supposedly "headed for upper-class"), but we have to fight tuition hikes for those who come after us—there's not much of an excuse not to when it hits "so close to home".

Nathan Phillips Square. Glad to see all the organizations east of the Mississippi with the word Socialist in the title out and about. We live in such a fast-paced society that even the Socialist organizations were circulating around for a little power networking and pamphleteering. No matter: there was plenty of good information going around. The crowd of 10,000 heard speeches from Sumera Thobani, Buzz Hargrove and even a representative of seniors' groups in Canada all made points that reiterated the obvious—that this wasn't about a bunch of rich whining brats looking for a bottle to suck. Labour (Canadian Auto Workers), Canadian Union of Public Employees and 4 other national unions walked beside us. After the speeches and assorted what nots (B.T.O.'s "Taking care of business"??? and a guy with a bullhorn who provided many laughs) we all marched down Bay for a quick tour beneath the Money Towers. If it was, for some of us, our first real chance to demonstrate, then our solidarity in walking proved a good contrast to apathy. Needless to say, "Trash the Stock Exchange" was an apropos comment as we walked past the eerie streets.

Ended up at Revenue Canada (on Adelaide) when it was dark. Looked up around the empty offices for humans, chanted and waited. It was the Canadian lost in anarchy approach: polite but persistent. Eventually dispersing, it was a slightly anti-climactic ending to a tiring, cold day. But every effort helps.

NON-RALLY-ITES

(non-rally-ites) people who do not attend rallies or protests for various reasons

I don't know if it was an issue of apathy (might not be), no time (gotta work), or bland cynicism (cf. list of excuses), but for 45,000 enrolled, having a few thousand more U. of T. students would have been—you know, nice—strength in numbers works. Whether subscribed to by a student or government leader, your reasoning... well, I'm sure there were reasons for striking while sleeping in, but let's just call this one "My (your reason goes here) ate my homework"

the life goes on if you're a 9 to 5er and if it doesn't you must be an artsie option:

-I'm taking business and I have a job so a few k's extra a year won't really make a difference. Besides, we need "intelligent" people in university to remain globally competitive and I know in my res there's a lot of freeloaders who seem to think there's no point in working and bitching that they probably won't find a job anyway. They're the type of guys who jump at the chance to strike 'cause it beats studying for their poli-sci midterm. They must be those gen-xers I keep reading about... Time to pull yourself up by the bootstraps. Unless I'm mistaken, this isn't the Left Bank or something.

the "who, me?" impermeable person (cf. doesn't think anything—spending cuts, ozone layer, even diseases, will ever touch them) option:

-I don't care about funding, and I seem to think Axworthy however brutal in his wording, is right—the debt must be paid off. Besides, mom and pop pay for mine so who gives a...

the out of reality option:

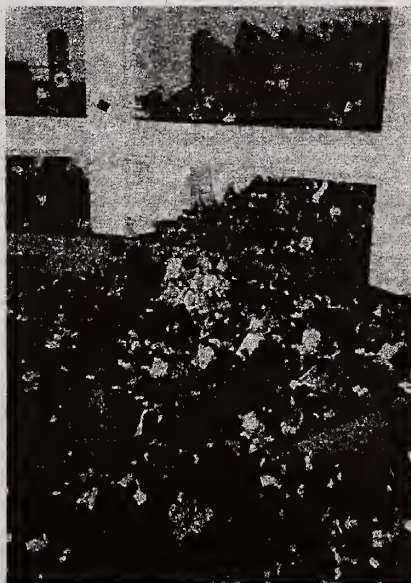
-well I'm in fourth year—let the frosh suffer with it. KEG!!!

the I'm doing the graduate studies option:

-I'm trying to protest! Honest! I'm so stressed out from my current \$43,000 that I had a nervous breakdown just visualizing the word "debt". I thought it was the credit bureau, but it was just that annoying CBC Sunday night talk show guy thundering about Paul Martin. As we speak every 3 seconds another fifth of a cent is adding to my debt... don't you all see it's impossible! the cynical hipsters who are too fucking hip for the planet but ironically give cynicism a bad name option:

-get back in the closet you bleeding-ponytail wannabees the 60's are over, there's no fucking war to protest this time, Woodstock '94 was corporate not alternative, you just wanna

continued on page 8....



1:10pm - Students file into U. of T.'s renowned lecture hall.



2:00pm - Roadside Attraction amuses the mob in Convocation Hall.



3:15pm - People from everywhere cluster together at Ryerson.

N E W S

continued from p.7

protest well @#%^ you I'm escaping to Europe where they have free education. Nice knowing you, losers.
(credit a film assignment for inspiration for the stereotypical caricatures.)

I am cynical and, like Groucho Marx, would not join any club that would have me as a member. The Gargoyle's Rudolph Schmidt's "Yer Goddamn Right I'm Apathetic, Dumb-Ass!" was 110% on. In it Schmidt also wrote that "the government does what it wants" and "sitting on Parliament Hill all day until a politician appears and says he's going to ignore you", which is kind of masochistic. But I figure, raise hell before you leave the planet and "shit-disturb" until you die. Besides, fucking with the system is more fun than taking Lloyd's "decision" lying down. Drop the "we're cooler than the attitudes" (the above italicized "options/excuses", not Schmidt's article which was great). Protest, however lame, is better than "silence is approval". Let's try not to encourage the media on the Gen X thing, o.k.? Blinders are painful to keep over your eyes. Ignorance is not really an attractive quality. Fucking with the system is... Not participating in voicing your opinion by dissenting a political fiasco just because you don't want to look like your parents... (or like hippies since you think they were losers)... is lazier than any protest. Sure the fuckers sold out, but then if we do nothing we just follow in the boomer's steps and they don't deserve any repetition. (A protest of mass apathy sounds great to me but let's try the fucking with them approach. It takes more energy but it gets things done faster.

Inspired by the title of an R.E.M. song (not "Bang and Blame", though appropriate), "I believe" (in no particular order, really)

-that kissing the universities and colleges goodbye is saying good bye to simple things like important scientific research (etc. etc. etc.), sending a shitty impression to other countries (look! Canada isn't 3rd world, but they're Republican now!) and generally a knee-jerk politician reaction to a problem they know can be solved logically. Making enemies with students is not good policy. Not only do you insult the tenets of what Canada stands for, some of us will fuck with the system and just start a new party and vote your asses out of office and choose harder things than macaroni and eggs as missives. Students did not create debt so why should we be expected to clean it all up by ourselves? It's like trying to blame us for destroying the ozone layer. Lloyd should learn a golden rule... "It is always the season for the old to learn" -Aechylus. Or "The foundation of every state is the education of its youth" -Diogenes. Of course that doesn't include the Corporate State, so Lloyd probably wasn't paying attention. As it was put not too long ago in these pages by Sally Blake, "we need to examine the social implications of private education and not focus solely on its economic advantages".

-that if we've gotta talk economics, the deficit, inflation, and interest rates can only be improved, not hindered by an educated Canadian workforce (and more people in it). Economics also can be improved by going after a few of the 63,000 corporations in 1991 who got off, tax-free-hey, that sounds awfully democratic. And the Sun cries "welfare fraud" while this white-collar pathetic exercise in idiocracy floats by. When the government was organizing the penalty for companies for environmental damage, they forgot to check their "bullshit" quotient, too. If the students are "cutting classes" then the CEOs are fucking the principal and fucking the country over (reason enough to protest, cause if you don't they'll continue to get off on us-or else don't complain when the check/shit hits the fan). The TD, Bank of Montreal, CIBC and Scotia Bank made more than \$4 billion in total in 1991. Time to make a daytime visit to the Stock Exchange for power protesting, not power networking. Nah. Maybe an "accidental" massive withdrawal of Royal Bank accounts (they made profits over \$1,000,000,000) would help them get the idea. Oops, sorry. Maybe if they paid their overdue fines like a good little "sector of society" then we wouldn't be reduced to "spewing forth Marxist Dogma".

-that it is our right to an education regardless of our income tax bracket. Half the students in this country need loans to afford a post-secondary education.

-It is also our responsibility to use the privilege of a higher education. Since anarchy is a not totally feasible solution (tempting at times, yes) how about something simple: when we use our education to improve conditions around the world, then all this bullshit about "education money must be cut" will seem kinda stupid. Maybe history can teach us something... "The roots of education are bitter, but the fruit is sweet-Aristotle". Those who don't vote insult those who fought to maintain Canada a free country (the suffragists, too). If you don't vote, fuck off and don't complain. If you remain voiceless to government inefficiency you've only got yerself to blame.

-that politicians are like every addict-once they start, they can't stop. (in Newt-speak) "Care for a little cutting to fit your Digestible Deficit Diet? Well let's Lynch the Education system! Let's cut out those universal health care things! Let's cut TVO! Yippee! We won't have to drive down to the States for the Contract with America! We can kiss our ideology goodbye!" Newt, youths. Youths, Newt. Enjoy the feeding frenzy.

-that the founders of this country would roll over in their graves if we start fucking with the Canadian ideology- don't try and l@#\$ a system that is almost perfect. (Too bad they can't come back to haunt Lloyd like Marley did to Scrooge in "A Christmas Carol"). Cutting social program funding is not what Canada is about; proposing this without consideration/ brain functioning on isn't, either. Back to the drawing board, fresh-esque M.P.P.'s and don't forget the recommended courses, "Discussion 108" and "Common Sense 101". Cuts have to come, but I think we pretty much know my position on the issue (cf. corporate/corrupt pigs). The sign "My Canada does not include Lloyd Axworthy" succinctly sums it up.

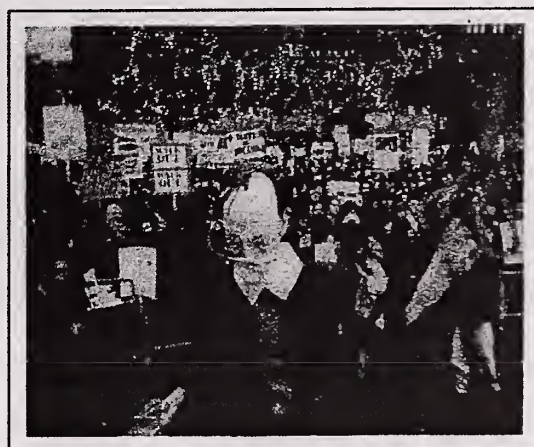
As a "tax-paying Canadian" put it, "No, I don't think students should be paying more for tuition. They're our future and our greatest resource". 'Nuff said.

-with files from David Chokrou and Sandra Raponi, Varisty Staff

the Innis herald: february 1995.



4:30pm - The crowd begins to prepare for City Hall.



5:15pm - At the main doors of City Hall, students begin to vent their frustration.



6:00pm - Chrétien waves good-bye to the Innis Herald.

Sexual Harassment is Not a Right!

by Stan Chan

This is a response to an article printed by *The Mike* called *Sexual Harassment Hysteria*. In it, Mr. Vadum states that sexual harassment complaints have become the latest litigation craze. He uses the analogy that if a man were to look at a woman in a way which makes her uncomfortable, she could file a complaint with a tribunal. I disagree.

If your co-worker, your employer, or a stranger were to conduct themselves in a way which makes you uncomfortable, you must communicate your feelings to that person. If that person were to continue conducting themselves in a manner that makes you uncomfortable, only then should you take this issue to the *Human Rights Commission*, to have this matter resolved. Without communication, neither parties know how each other is feeling, thus, it is imperative if you feel there is a problem you must express yourself.

Mr. Vadum wrote, "What exactly is 'sexual harassment'?" but never got around to defining it, yet he persists to criticize the seriousness of the issue. He even states that, "there is no clear-cut definition of this odious crime." Unless I am mistaken, there is a definition set by the *University of Toronto's Sexual Harassment Policy*. According to *The Sexual Harassment Office's* pamphlet on sexual harassment on campus, "sexual harassment is [any] unwanted sexual attention. It is a behaviour which creates an intimidating, hostile or offensive working or learning environment." It continues to define what may constitute sexual harassment, by stating that it may include the following: suggestive comments or gestures, sexual innuendo or banter, leering, remarking about dress or lifestyle, verbal insult or abuse, pressure for dates, and intrusive physical conduct or unwanted touching. Equally important is how it describes what does not constitute as sexual harassment, that being "a relationship of mutual consent, a hug between friends, and mutual flirtation."

The Sexual Harassment Policy allows the complainant to make a formal complaint within 6 months of an incident, or 12 months in exceptional circumstances (for example, if the respondent is the supervisor). Complaints are made through the *Sexual Harassment Officer* (Ms. Paddy Stamp). It is after making a formal complaint in writing, by the complainant, will the respondent be notified. In the event where the respondent is a professor, or teaching assistant who marks your work, the *Sexual Harassment Officer* will arrange for course work to be assessed by an

objective third party.

The *Policy* is set in a 3 tier system, whereby the *Policy* lays out three stages for the resolution of a complaint. The first stage has both the complainant and the respondent discussing with the *Sexual Harassment Officer* the nature of the complaint, whereby the *Sexual Harassment Officer* will try to reach a resolution between the two parties. If a resolution can not be reached by the *Sexual Harassment Officer*, this issue will be moved to the second stage, where the *Sexual Harassment Officer* will appoint a mediator to work with the two parties, in an attempt to resolve the problem. If the mediator fails to resolve the issue, the complaint will then be brought to *The University of Toronto's Sexual Harassment Hearing Panel*, the third and final stage, which is comprised of student representatives, faculty and staff. The *Panel* will then make a decision, and if necessary hand out suitable punishment. The decision by the *Panel* may be appealed to an *Appeals Board* and their decision is final. In general, most of the cases are resolved in the first stage, whereby there may have been a problem of miscommunication or misunderstanding, or a form of reconciliation takes place between the two parties.

I understand why Mr. Vadum sees a problem with the sexual harassment policy. In essence, he believes that it is causing in what may be called a "chilling" effect, whereby, people are unable to speak or act in a way in which they are accustomed to, for fear of prosecution. For example, because of the policy, it would not be proper to tell a sexist joke, or describing ones' sexual exploits, or enquiring about some's sex life. However, why tell a stupid sexist joke, or do people really care whether you've had sex or not, and is it any of your business who I've had sex with? There is a difference between confiding in a close friend about your euphoric experience and telling your secretary or a girl or guy you sit next to in political science class. I do not believe there is a "chilling effect", and if there is one, it is minimal at best. If you have to think twice before telling a joke or say something, then perhaps the joke or what you have to say just isn't appropriate. Similarly, if you have to think twice before acting, then perhaps you should not do what you think you wanted to do.

People may ask, what is so dangerous about ogling or of innocent touching. Well, if unwanted sexual attention or touching is routinely unchallenged, then it might be perceived that "no" means "yes," and that leads to rape. "No" might be viewed as insincere because the prior sexual actions have not

been resisted. Opponents of the sexual harassment legislation would argue sexual harassment is not rape. No, sexual harassment is not rape, but it could lead to rape. People should be treated with the respect all individuals deserve. No one should be subjected to any unwanted attention or affection. Society must learn that everyone should respect other peoples' feelings, and if you think that infringes upon your right to be a sexist or a racist than you are out of luck. Your right is not absolute. You have the right to express your self so long as that expression does not hurt or harm another person. If you harass someone you are infringing upon their right.

I realize the present legislation may not be perfect, but when you begin to break it down, you must also understand that it is trying to improve the quality of life for those who have been traditionally oppressed and disadvantaged. Sure there maybe some holes and irregularities that need to be dealt with, but the legislation has brought into the forefront this issue. Obviously there is a problem, and thus, the implementation of the legislation. This legislation was not created nor implemented on a whim. It attempts to solve some of our current social problems.

When I began writing this article a while back, I had only wanted to concentrate on the *University of Toronto's Sexual Harassment Policy*. However, I was confronted with some dis-

treasing news from a friend of mine. She was sexually assaulted, raped, by an acquaintance. When I was told this I was at a loss for words. I was in shock. How could this happen to my friend? What does one say to someone who tells you they have been raped? How do you console them? The first thing you do is you tell them that "it was not your fault." If you were forced to have sexual intercourse against your will, regardless of who the person was, it was a crime. If you did not consent, it was rape. It doesn't matter if he didn't use a weapon, or you weren't hurt. It was rape. And it is a crime.

Obviously there is a rampant problem when it comes to violence against or abuse of women. This point strikes far too close to home. I sincerely believe that, although, sexual harassment is not rape, it could eventually lead to rape. For every inconvenience the legislation may have, if it could prevent one rape from occurring, then each and every inconvenience was worth it.

If you want more information about sexual harassment, please call, Ms. Paddy Stamp at the Sexual harassment Office, at (416) 978-3908, or you can go to 40 Sussex Avenue, one block west of Innis College. If you have been sexually assaulted, you should call the police, or contact Patti McGillicuddy, the Sexual Assault Counsellor at the Koffler Centre, or (416) 978-0174. You should also pick up a copy of "I Never Called it Rape," by Robin Warshaw.

Collaborative Graduate Program in Women's Studies

Graduate departments and Centres within the University of Toronto have pooled their resources to form the new Collaborative Graduate Program in Women's Studies. Applications will be considered for the following degree programs:

Anthropology	MA, MSc, PhD
Community Health	MSc, MHS, PhD
Centre for Comparative Literature	MA, PhD
Centre for Criminology	MA, PhD
Centre for Study of Drama	MA, PhD
Education	MA, MEd, PhD, EdD
English	MA, PhD
French Language and Literature	MA, PhD
History	MA, PhD
Law	LLM, SJD
Near Eastern Studies	MA, PhilM, PhD
Philosophy	MA, PhD
Political Science	MA, PhD
Centre for the Study of Religion	MA, PhD
Social Work	MSW, MSW/LLB, PhD
Sociology	MA, PhD
Spanish and Portuguese	MA, PhD

Admission Requirements. In addition to the admissions criteria of the graduate unit through which they wish to enrol, applicants must display a suitable familiarity with approaches and methodologies associated with scholarship in Women's Studies.

Program Requirements. Students must apply to and register in one of the participating units, and follow a course of study acceptable to both the graduate unit and the Collaborative Women's Studies Program. Upon successful completion of the requirements students receive, in addition to the master's or doctoral degree from the graduate unit, the notation "Completed Collaborative Graduate Program in Women's Studies" on their transcripts.

Program Director: Professor Kay Armatage
Administrative Assistant: Josie Chapman-Smith

2 Sussex Avenue
University of Toronto
Toronto, Ontario, Canada M5S 1J5

☎ (416) 978-3668 FAX: (416) 978-5503 E-mail: grad.womenstudies@utoronto.ca

Walksafer Service	978-7233
Student Patrol and Escort	(SAFE)
U of T Police Information	978-2323
U of T Police Emergency	978-2222
Metro Police Emergency	911
Assaulted Women's Helpline	863-0511
Victim Assistance Program for Lesbian & Gay Victims of Violence	392-6874
Women's College Hospital Sexual Assault Care Centre	323-6040
Metro Police Sexual Assault Squad	324-6060



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I Love Kare and Cathy

A glance into my psyche regarding the Innis semi formal

by Cass Enright

With the spirits of the castle lurking all around, we at Innis had our semi formal last 28th at Casa Loma. After an initial wine and cheeses at the residence, the ceremoniously clad Innisers departed for the haunting former Elsinore brewery. The night at the castle began with a little mingling in the great hall, shooting the shit with my fellow Innis mates with a Upper Canada Lager in hand. The riffs of the two electric; one bass guitar orchestra emanating in the background, were interrupted with a signal to enter into the dining areas for what would become a two hour feast. I ate in the grand conservatory, a marvellous room flooded with plant life and a magnificent stained glass ceiling. The other dining hall was adjoining the dance floor, noticing I did that the books on the shelves were all ceramic, quashing all hope that one would open a secret passageway. We began with a glass of red wine, followed by a bowl of soup with meaty bits, which was very good. Promptly served after the soup was the main course, a wonderfully de-boned cornish game hen, if slightly undercooked. We might not have had enough wine with dinner, but that was the fault of no one. The dessert topped off what was a very good dinner - a great chocolate delight.

After dinner all 200+ students, alumni and honoured guests scattered for another session of mingling, intertwined with some dancing. Unfortunately, having the prom at such a place as Casa Loma brought about certain restrictions. We were confined to a select number of rooms, no't being able to roam around the castle and explore. I heard rumours of being able to rent the castle's Victorian bedrooms for \$65 per hour, but again this was just a rumour. I am still upset at not being able to look for the secret passageways I know exist within the depths of the architecture.

The party was showing no signs of slowing down when I heard the penultimate last dance song come on, signalling the end of the evening's soiree. The final song, "Stairway to Heaven", by classic rock gurus Led Zeppelin, brought back fond memories of my grade 9 socials dancing cheek to cheek at 14. I was quite disappointed at being escorted out of the castle at 12:30AM, it seemed that we all were all revved up with no place to go so early in the evening. But I do not want to finish off with negative thoughts of our formal. An excellent time was had by all.



Tara and Michelle... not as innocent as they first appear.



Queen Flora drinks Sailor John under the table... Iron Audrey watches with amusement.



So where is Frank's right hand, anyway?



Herald Editor Sally Blake and her seamen.



Herald Editor Diane Sidik, Photographer Caroline & Hubert the illustrious.



Innis College for sale - inquire within

by Cass Enright

There is a critical problem facing the University of Toronto today, and it is one of pranks. Or lack thereof, to be precise. Embedded into the fabric of our educational culture is the need to devise and execute practical jokes on unsuspecting fellow students, staff and the public of this fair town. Ingenious tomfoolery is virtually non-existent on this campus, a problem we as the Innis student body need to work together to alleviate. Evidently the students at this school are satisfied with the very lame antics performed by the hoseheads at Trinity College, namely painting 'Trinity' on the sidewalk. Similarly, some loser frat decided to 'raise hell' by spray painting their Greek letters all around the circumference of the statue of the man on the horse in Queen's Park. I would be ashamed to reveal I was a member of that frat if that's the best those goofs can do! The birds get more of a laugh from onlookers by shitting on the guy's head than the frat does by spray painting their logo onto him. Whatever happened to sly, clever mischief that takes real thought and effort to pull off, but with extraordinary funny results and not just silly annoying vandalism? Were the medical school cadavers re-routed as the main course at the Innis semi-formal instead of the cornish game hen? No. Has the athletic centre pool ever been flooded with Alka-Seltzer just as the swim meet starter gun goes off? No. Are the trees filled with underwear every Halloween and do all the toilets explode come the joy of spring? No. Has Charlie Keil's office been completely dismantled in the middle of the night and rebuilt on the roof of Innis just as a torrential downpour hits? No. (Although it sure as hell should be... :-)) Granted, these are somewhat lame and not very innovative, but no doubt would cause extreme gut splitting for onlookers and prank culprits. Many people would argue that

good pranks could not be done anymore, which is bullshit. All it takes is a little ingenuity and some patience and persistence, and the ultimate prank could be executed with hilarious results, replenishing something that U. of T. is seriously lacking - humour. Following are tales of actual pranks executed successfully in universities, wherein the culprits were never caught, and given the label and reputation of "the most ingenious college pranks of all time."

Judging the funniness in a prank is not an easy task. They could just be belly laugh humour like causing someone to walk into a pit of tar only to be covered in feathers and forced to walk home, or they could cause real social distortion and a complete reversal in the normal state of affairs, which are by far the best and funniest. I must credit William Poundstone and his novel The Ultimate for the impish recreations that follow.

Caltech, widely recognised as a haven for pranks due to its high bored-nerd content, churned out two pranks in the early 1970s that faked the complete nonexistence of two people. In 1970 four physics students entered the chemistry department laboratory parking lot one night and eradicated the parking spot of a certain unpopular professor. They repainted the lines and names designating the reserved spaces, making each space just slightly wider and leaving out the spot reserved for the victim's car. (Twenty bucks says right now you're thinking of a professor you have where this joke would come in very handy...)

Two years later, a certain frosh was victim of the missing room trick. This frosh took a week off school to visit his girlfriend, and while he was away, his residence mates made it their mission of annihilating all physical

traces of his existence on this planet. They plastered over the door to his room, moving a lighting fixture to the newly cleared wall, causing this frosh to seem very silly in insisting a door was once there. When the guy returned, his residence mates could not remember ever having met him.

Putting things where they do not belong - especially livestock - is an effective genre of pranking. Students in Dartmouth have put a live cow in their chapel, and MIT students have managed to get a cow onto the roof of a residence, enticing the cow up all the stairs with grass and water.

The most popular place at MIT for the placement of strange and unusual things is the 149 foot high Great Dome (Convocation Hall, anyone?). The best antic involving the dome was the placing of a working telephone booth on the top. As the phone company workers climbed the side of the dome to retrieve the booth, someone (presumably the culprit) called the booth and made the phone ring.

Penn State has a large bell that rings on the hour, and is regarded as a nuisance. Students have used the winter cold to their advantage by turning the bell upside down and filling it with water, freezing solid by morning and eliminating the ringing until the spring.

A popular hoax performed on fellow students is the suicide hoax. A student walks into an impossibly difficult test and is visually distraught while writing it. Near the end of the test, the student in question jumps up, screams that he cannot take it anymore, and leaps out of the window, shocking all of the students in the auditorium. Accomplishes had a net below the window.

A group of NYU students in 1942, upset over exams, actually got The New York Times to falsely report the death of Dean William Baer. The obituary rated 7 1/4 column inches in the May 9 issue. The retraction, only receiving 2 1/4 column inches, did not

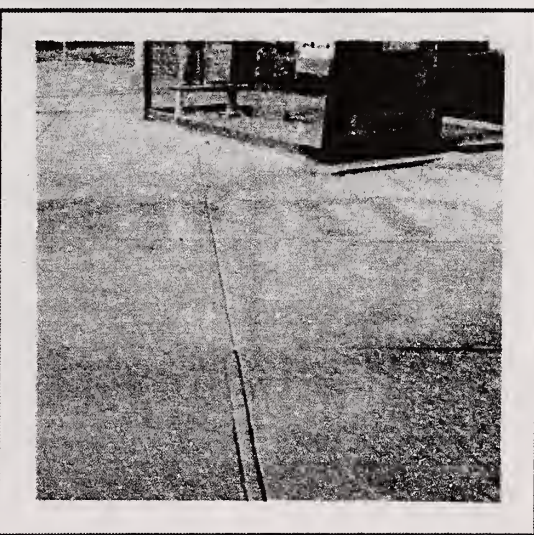
identify the culprit, only apologising to Baer's family. Similar pranks to this have been done elsewhere, however this stands out for the students tricking one of the most read newspapers in the United States.

Students again at Caltech, in the 1950s, created a pneumatic cannon capable of propelling an orange several blocks through the air. Every day at the strike of noon, Caltech hurled an orange through the stratosphere to neighbouring Pasadena City College. Eventually everyone at Pasadena began to wonder where the oranges were coming from. The Pasadena Star-News ran an article on the mystery, Caltech submitting their belief that the oranges were coming from outer space.

Some of these pranks are not wholly original, and really would not cause much in the way of wide spread mass confusion and paranoia. However, they are meant as an inspiration to my fellow students, a plea to get out there and release your roguish talents to the unsuspecting public. I realise that the conversion of this school back to a exciting haven full of havoc will not be a quick one, all I ask is that we try. If we just begin by sending our least favourite professor a subscription to the porno-of-the-month club, fine. If anything, let us at least try to compete with the American universities, who seem to have a definitive edge in pranking over us laid back Canadians. We just cannot let our fruitful university careers dwindle away into stoic adulthood, where the extent of our antics become spiking the office water cooler with alkool every Monday! So get out there and rejuvenate an aspect of U. of T. that has been sadly diminished: humour. The classic pranks described in this article were pulled off by students who were never caught, and with a little thought, originality, imagination and precise execution, neither will you.



Notice the skillful spray-painting of "AY"s around the base of the statue. King Edward VII is not amused.



Was any havoc wrought by painting "Trinity" on the sidewalk at St. George and Harbord? Not quite.

ART & LITERATURE

EROS

by Diane Sldik

drifting colours pale and soft
they caress embedding notes of silent
Warning
swirls through my mind i see a
patch of grey the haze which veils
my eyes fuzzy warm
a lump of sugar clogs my throat
I cannot speak

the satin sweetness of your skin
is deadly.



"Whine and Roses"

by Sonali Ramchardani

Blue wine, Red roses
Whine! Whine! Whine!
Your breath smells like roses
Red wine, blue roses

THINKING OF YOU ON A WINTER'S NIGHT

by Antonia Yee

SELF ADVICE

by Antonia Yee

i am unhappy
so you're unhappy
tell me why you're unhappy
you know it's your fault
that you're unhappy

i am sad
so you're sad
tell me why you're sad
you know it's all your fault
that you are sad

i am feeling hurt
so you're feeling hurt
tell me why you're feeling hurt
you know it is all your fault
that you are feeling so hurt

tell my what to do
i'll tell you what to do
i don't think that i can do
what you say i need to
just walk away from him
it's easy friend
just keep him away from you

UNTITLED

by Antonia Yee

my thought
echoes in the silence
Your problems
tempered by my patience
i worry
feelings for You persist
i care
my own troubles cease to exist
it's You
that i must care for
my problems
i deliberately choose to ignore
it's easier
to set Your life straight
Your need
is an all-consuming state

Thanks to the continuing contribu-
tors and new ones as well for their
fantastic work. Special thanks to
Julia Burton, whose pictures shine
across these pages. Magnificent
work all! Keep submitting, and
most of all keep writing.

Love = Dust = Love

by Sonali Ramchardani

Reflection of you cloud my mind
Coax me over, take me up, turn me away,
bring me down, go down come over.

You are transparent like glass
Being with you isn't always easy
Seeing through you makes time pass
But alas, wanting you too need me
And needing me to not want you
Of Love and Hate and Lust,
You too my friend
Will soon turn to dust.

Untitled

by Peter Smith

That night I swear the Earth stood briefly still
for when she opened up that door and shone
my ears were closed, my tongue was caught eyes filled
with nothing but her walking to me smiling.
On any day she's beautiful, I won,
But that one night I thought my heart would burst
and what she said I barely heard as I
drew deep and long of that most precious vision
And all that night she seemed so far away
I yearned and ached to hold her, feel her touch;
but with her is one more unworthy soul
and like the Moon I see but cannot reach,
Perhaps I failed that night, but had I won,
might that sweet dream have vanished in the dawn?

"To You"

by Sonali Ramchardani

The smell of your kisses are trapped in my brain.
Clinging like memories of crystal flowers and
drunk trees (locked in the trunk of my
heart) locked in the trunk of my heart.

The weight of your smile can kill me, feeling
heady & blue it leaves me wanting more.
In my head a picture of you remains like
a lump in my throat, refusing to go away
No matter how hard I swallow.

And then I remember
I can't feel sad until you feel happy.

dark and still
you cloud my reality
like a fine mist
fading to a hazy fantasy
i long to see you -
to touch you -
to love you - forever
and as your mists
recede gently into the darkness
leaving nothing
but the moist dew
of your vapours
gently clinging to all
my reality
the dew draws together
to form the droplets of my tears
dripping down my cheeks
and suddenly
suddenly the world
is strikingly, overwhelmingly, bright again
so I close my eyes
holdout my hand
to catch those loose snowflakes
which only melt in my palm
each snowflake unique and beautiful
in its own way
like my dreams
my visions of you
running together
in a puddle of water
in the cup of my hand
and some of those visions
slip through the cracks of my fingers
falling noiselessly to the ground
and that, i fear
is reality.

The Herald House of Baaaaad Poetry

Dead Squirrel

by A. Wong

Dead squirrel on the street,
Was trying to find something to eat.
He searched all around,
But there was nothing to be found,
So he went back to get another peek.

Dead squirrel on the street,
Ran across the road with its little feet.
He was out of luck,
And was hit broadside by a truck,
And he laid there as stiff as a beet.

Dead squirrel on the street,
Was still alive but started to leak.
He was hit five times before he was dead,
He felt all of the tire treads going over his head,
And that was the end of my furry friend.

Four bad four-line poems

by Anonymus

Toaster.	Floor wax
Two slice toaster.	Waxing floor.
Toasts two slices of toast.	Wax on, wax off.
Toaster.	Floor wax.

Q-tip.	Safety cap.
Plastic stick with a cotton tip.	Can't be opened.
Swabbing ears.	Man dies in need of medication.
Q-tip.	Safety cap.

If you can't write poetry, or you were drunk from a night of
partying, or you are a misunderstood person who just wants
to be different, or just plain stupid, this is your chance to
share your poems with the rest of the world (okay, make
that a fraction of the U of T campus) to choke at. Drop off
your 'unique' creations at the Innis Herald at Innis College,
2 Sussex Avenue, Room 305, c/o Rachel or Alan.

F I L M

GOLDEN CLASSICS A Cinematic Treasure

by Diane Sidik

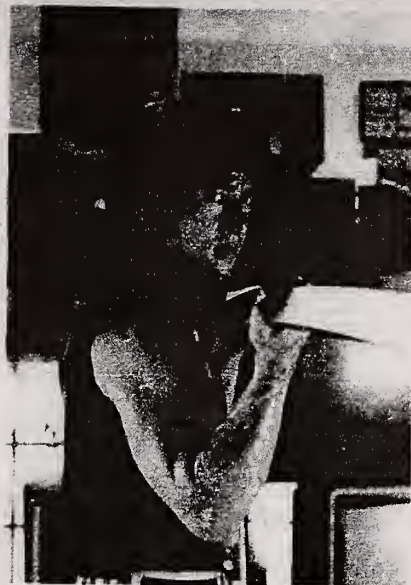
Celebrating the opening of the Golden Classics Cinema, Jackie Chan rocked the audience to uproarious laughter with speedball antics and boundless energy in his newest flick *Rumble in the Bronx* (Hong Kong 1994). Hair-raising stunts and fluid fight choreography greeted the 700 (and plus) in attendance, satiating those appetites for the adventurous.

Boasting a full script packed with comedy, action, and romance, *Rumble in the Bronx* left the viewer with an excellent taste of the Asian cinematic world. Possibly the largest, and newest Asian repertory house, Golden Classics will continue to host such films in Dolby stereo and others never before shown to English language audiences. An elegant venue of 700 seats, further productions from Hong Kong, China, Japan, the Philippines, Taiwan, Korea, Vietnam and India will be presented.

Directors such as Zhang Yimou of *Ju dou fanie* (1989), Akira Kurosawa

(*The Seven Samurai*, 1954) and Juzo Itami (*Minbo - Or the Gentle Art of Japanese Extortion*, 1992) are included on this year's roster. Japanese horror will also be offered (i.e., *The Vampire Doll*; Michio Yamamoto, 1970) as well as Hong Kong Sci-Fi Fantasy (i.e., *The Heroic Trio*; Johnny To-Kai Fung, 1993). Covering a wide scope of talents, the violently bloody dramas of John Woo (*The Killer*, 1989; *Hard Boiled*, 1992) and Chinese film classics from 1948 - 57 will soon be interspersed among the program, highlighting the continuous and rapid growth of Asian cinema.

Located at Queen and Spadina, this theatre had been collecting dust for the past three years since its original opening in 1985. Duly transformed, the magic of the wide screen has been revived in the form of the Golden Classics Cinema. Aiming to please, curious filmgoers will be highly entertained for the many years to come.



Jackie Chan in *Rumble in the Bronx*



GOLDEN CLASSICS Cinema

186-188 Spadina Ave.
Toronto, Ontario
M5C 2C2
Tel: 416-504-0012
Hotline: 416-504-0585

Nell

Jodie Foster, Liam Neeson, Natasha Richardson
Directed by Michael Apted

by Linda Galvin

Nell is a poignant tale of a woman (Jodie Foster) who was raised in the forest far from civilization, and communicates in her own unique language. Upon the death of Nell's mother, a pair of scientists (Liam Neeson, Natasha Richardson) attempt to lure Nell from her natural surroundings into their society. In the process, the two scientists fall in love and learn to enjoy the simpler things in life.

In some respects, *Nell* is ingenious in its narrative form with a love story parallel to Nell's trail to maturity; it lingers as a truthful story. Jodie Foster as Nell projects a natural strength to the characterization which is particularly compelling in her silent moments.

Director Michael Apted brilliantly displays the organicity of nature in the aerial shots of the wilderness with a tiny cabin nestled near a tranquil lake.

Heavenly Creatures

Melanie Lynskey, Juliet Hulme
Directed by Peter Jackson

by Linda Galvin

New Zealand director Peter Jackson, otherwise known for the harrowing *Dead Alive*, has directed a film that is appalling, mainly due to its subject matter. Two young girls, Pauline Parker (Melanie Lynskey) and Juliet Hulme (Kate Winslet) meet and become devoted friends, moving together in their own fantasy world, a Fourth world, in which Mario Lanza has attained sainthood.

Jackson gradually bares out a fantasy world into which the girls become engulfed, a realm where clay motion figurines celebrate and kill their worst enemies. The girls' world

is shattered when they learn they will be separated. This knowledge incites them to kill Pauline's mother.

Personally, I found Jackson's choice of shooting the murder scene in a graphic (sensational) style tasteless.

BEFORE SUNRISE

Ethan Hawke, Julie Delpy
Written and Directed by Richard Linklater

by Diane Sidik

Boy meets girl while on a train through Europe; they fall in love and everyone is happy. A basic love story, but under the direction of Richard Linklater, it has been transformed into something honest and tangible.

A film that is rooted in conversation, Linklater (whose credits include *Slacker* and *Dazed and Confused*) manipulates the viewer's attention through subtle long takes and the luscious backdrop of rustic Vienna. Revolving around the characters Jesse (Ethan Hawke) and Celine (Julie Delpy), Linklater effectively uses their visual appeal and aptly succeeds.

With charming wit, Hawke effortlessly slips into the welcoming heart of Delpy, the French grad student who reciprocates his affections with genuine sentiment. Chemistry is immediately established and amidst the cobblestone streets and antique buildings, their romance blooms. Dialogue is at times a bit too contrived, but the humour they evoke is compensating.

The intimate atmosphere Linklater creates invites us into the world of Jesse and Celine. By presenting us with a real human experience, we are able to sympathize with their story (Note: the record booth scene). If you've forgotten about the good things in love, *Before Sunrise* will refresh your memory.

Free Friday Films

Shows at Innis College
2 Sussex Avenue
Town Hall
Fridays @ 7 pm

Feb 10

Love & Human Remains - Denys Arcand, 1993 (Canada)

Thomas Gibson, Ruth Marshall
20-something singles grapple with the futility of long-term relationships.

Feb 24

Hour of the Star - Suzana Amaral, 1987 (Brazil)

Poor young woman moves from rural Brazil to the harsh urban environment of Sao Paulo with the hopes of building a better life.

Mar 3

Blow Up - Michelangelo Antonioni, 1966 (Italy/GB)

David Hemmings, Vanessa Redgrave
Photographer in Swinging 60's London unravels a mystery spied through his camera's lens.

Mar 10

The Scent of Green Papaya - Tran Anh Hung, 1993 (France/Vietnam)

The story of a young girl growing up in 1950's Vietnam. "The green papaya is for me a childhood memory of maternal gestures" (T.A.H.)

Mar 17

Pixote - Hector Babenco, 1981 (Brazil)

Street urchins in Sao Paulo survive by their wits and their criminal skills.

Mar 24

Go Fish - Rose Troche, 1993 (USA)

V.S. Brodie, Guinevere Turner
Light-hearted look at sex and dating in the lesbian community.

Programmed by:
Cinema Studies Students Union
Sponsored by:
Students Administrative Council
12 Hart House Circle

UPCOMING IN FEBRUARY...

SAT MON	SUN TUES
4	5
6	7
J A C K I E	C H A N
7:00	5:00
7:00	7:00
Project A	Drunken
Master Dragon Lord	
Crime Story	
9:15	7:15
9:15	9:15
Dragons Forever	Drunken
Master 2 Police Story 3	
Armour of God 2	

WENS FRI	THURS
8 & 10	9
Z H A N G Y	
I M O U	
7:00	7:00
7:00	
Yellow Earth	The Peintre
One and Eight	
9:15	9:00
9:15	
Old Well	Great Con-
	queror's Concubine
Big Parade	The

TICKET PRICES:

\$7 (non-members)
\$5 (members, students with valid student cards, seniors)

the innis herald: february 1995.

F I L M

THE VIEW FROM HERE DOCUMENTARY SERIES

by Linda Galvin

TV Ontario's new documentary series *The View From Here* strongly reflects the filmmakers' vision as well as the intimate viewpoints of the filmic subjects. Recently I had the opportunity to watch two episodes including *Orphans of Manchuria* directed by John Walker and *The Voyage of the St. Louis* directed by Maziar Bahari.

Orphans of Manchuria

Upon Japan's defeat by the Allies in August 1945, Russian troops liberated Manchuria after fifteen years of Japanese occupation. Japanese troops were taken prisoner while Japanese civilians returned to Japan. In a determined attempt to save their children, many Japanese parents left their children with Chinese families expecting to reunite soon after. Contradictory to the cruel treatment of the Chinese by their Japanese occupants, the war orphans were dearly cared for by Chinese families. When China was reconstituted under the new Communist regime the hopes of the Japanese returning to their children dissipated.

Portrait-like shots of the orphans now grown are intercut between the newsreel footage of the Russian allies entering Manchuria. *Orphans of Manchuria* depicts the stories of four orphans, three of whom presently live in Japan and the fourth planning to relocate to Japan. In 1981 once the Japanese government instituted a relocation program with the re-establishment of relations between China and Japan, groups of orphans were sponsored to visit Tokyo in order to find their relatives. Masao Nakajima, whose adopted family remains in China, lives alone in Japan unable to find his relatives. Kiseko Minamishiina, recognized by her natural mother on one of the relocation trips to Tokyo, remains devoted to her Chinese foster mother. Michiko Yawawaki, whose only childhood memento was a red dress, was discovered by her natural mother and now lives with her in Japan. Yang Yueqin, although she has not found her natural parents has decided to make a new life in Japan.

John Walker presents his own inner understanding of the problems of identity in this hour long documentary which deals specifically with issues of orphans who have been reared in Chinese culture yet are Japanese through their lineage. Visually Walker has contrasted the vast natural landscape of Manchuria with the tall skyscraper forest of Tokyo which reveals that the problems of identity go far beyond that of language barriers and nationality. The film exposes more general issues of identity relating to social, cultural and economic spheres beyond that of the orphans' specific ordeals in their search for their homes. *Orphans of Manchuria* re-airs on the French channel (in English) on Sunday, February 5 at 9:00 pm.

The Voyage of the St. Louis

Carrying 937 Jewish refugees the German luxury liner *St. Louis* sailed from Hamburg to Cuba in the summer of 1939. Upon arrival in Havana, the visas which were previously given to the refugees were revoked and the ship was forced to leave. *The Voyage of the St. Louis* tells the story of the Jewish refugees who sailed aboard a ship with no destination for thirty days. The Cuban government as well as that of the United States and Canada refused admission to the ship's passengers. International publicity almost forced the *St. Louis* to be returned to Germany but in a final desperate attempt the Jewish refugees were able to land at Belgium, Holland, France and England. The American Joint Distribution Company in Paris was able to undertake agreements with various European governments by convincing them that other governments had agreed to accept small numbers of refugees, thereby being granted asylum by four countries.

Before the news of their landing, rumours abounded on the ship that the passengers would have to return to Germany, and to the concentration camps, yet most of the Jewish people would rather face death than to return to the maltreatment they had previously known. In the film, Sol Messinger remembers the ill-treatment by the Ger-

mans before he boarded the ship. Newsreel footage reveals Gisela Feldman escaping from Germany with her mother and sister when the ship cast off on May 13, 1939 from the pier at Hamburg as the German band played "I have to go, I have to go from my city". As the ship sailed further from Europe, Herbert Karlner and his father begin to talk about their experiences in the concentration camps. Fortunately, the Captain of the *St. Louis* was the compassionate Gustav Schroeder who disliked the Nazis, and was determined that the Jewish refugees would be treated as well as the other passengers. Ironically, Captain Gustav Schroeder was decorated by the Germans for being a war hero. Further, when the Allied forces investigated Gustav Schroeder he was exonerated when many of the survivors testified on his behalf.

However, less than three months after the *St. Louis* arrived in Europe the Second World War began. Out of the 937 Jewish refugees who made it to Europe three-quarters later perished in the gas chambers of the Nazi concentration camps. This documentary tells the stories from the viewpoints of the few survivors namely Herbert Karlner, Harry Rosenbach, Gisela Feldman, Sol Messinger, Susan Schlegel, Anna Fuchs-Marx and Liesl Loeb who have

met for a reunion aboard a cruise ship off the coast of Miami. The director, Maziar Bahari, was inspired to produce this documentary through his own experiences from 1985 to 1988 while attempting to find refuge from Iranian dictatorship. Bahari's personal insight into the underlying issue of racism in regards to immigrants is expressed in the retelling of the events that preceded World War II. *The Voyage of the St. Louis* airs on TV Ontario Wednesday, February 8 at 10:00 pm and re-airs on the French channel (in English) on Sunday February 12 at 9:00 pm.

Concluding Comments

The View From Here is a refreshing new documentary series for Canadian viewers that deals with such issues as sexuality, censorship, identity and injustice. The series is a revealing yet personal vision from many different perspectives while it deals with subjects common to us all.

Later this month (February 16 - 19) TV Ontario is sponsoring *The Second Annual Hot Docs!* festival which urges a fostering of a strong Canadian documentary industry. The festival features an Opening Gala, an Industry Conference as well as several screenings, and a closing Awards Gala. For further information, please contact the CIBC Box Office at (416)975-3977.



The Voyage of the St. Louis
Karlner family embarking on the *St. Louis*

F I L M

MURDER IN THE FIRST on trial

Christian Slater, Kevin Bacon, Gary Oldman
Directed by Marc Rocco

by Linda Galvin

From the first moments of the film, director Marc Rocco recreates the dismal atmosphere of Alcatraz, otherwise known as "Hellcatraz" or "Devil's Island," through archival and recreated newsreel footage. In so far as Rocco attempts to tell the story of a young man, Henri Young (Kevin Bacon) who is submitted to the tyrannical system of law and order which is counterpointed by the idealistic and earnest young lawyer, James Stampfhill (Christian Slater) he succeeds.

The characters are thoroughly researched composites of real-life prisoners, lawyers, and prison officials. Kevin Bacon spent a night in the dark drenched abyss of the "hole", or the "dungeon", to achieve a physical and emotional insight into the torture which the real Henri Young endured throughout his three years and two months of solitary confinement. Henri Young, in order to care for his younger sister during the Depression-era, stole five dollars from the local post office and was sent to Alcatraz due to government bureaucracy. At the beginning of the film we are told through newsreel footage that Alcatraz was open mostly for reasons of publicity (home to Al Capone). As a result, the government felt it necessary to send petty criminals there to warrant its operations. When Henri Young was captured after trying to escape Alcatraz he was cast into solitary confinement in an attempt by the offi-

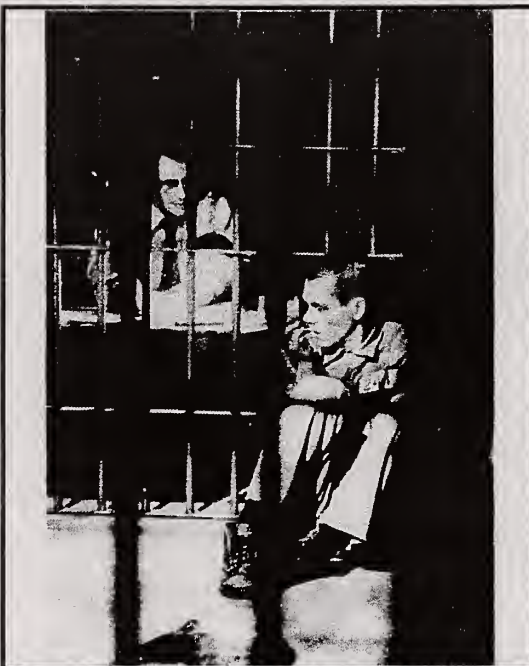
cials of Alcatraz to preserve their reputation of law and order. Christian Slater as the earnest young lawyer is motivated, not by personal interests of ad-

vancement, but by an inner yearning for justice. Brad Dourif is present in a relatively minor role as James Stampfhill's older brother, Byron, who sent James

to a boarding school after the death of their parents. Gary Oldman as the stern, authoritarian Warden Glenn guided by (it seems) a passion for revenge upon those he views as degenerates of society, is masterful. Oldman displays not only his anger towards the prisoners but also his upright dignity as a public servant loyal to his country, willing to fight those who attempt to challenge his glory, and the incorruptible reputation of Alcatraz.

Unfortunately, Marc Rocco should have more fully relied on the acting talents of the cast, and the superb realistic settings instead of distracting the viewer with an overly active camera. The dramatic courtroom scenes are evidence of the intensity of the actors yet the continual panning of the camera vanquishes the truthfulness of their characterizations. True enough, Marc Rocco may have been attempting to depict the all-encompassing dominance of Alcatraz which lingers over the prisoner, Henri Young, yet this could have been executed solely through the cast and the setting. In the courtroom, the huddled shriveled figure of Henri Young as though hermetically sealed from all sides by the squareness of the set design exemplifies his internal repressed state.

Throughout the film, the prison itself is not merely a government run institution, but *Alcatraz* - a being in itself. Ironically, the prison on the island with its legendary status remains a tourist attraction.



The young lawyer James Stampfhill (Christian Slater) counsels his client, an unlikely companion, Henri Young (Kevin Bacon)

Higher Learning: Philosophy on Celluloid

Lawrence Fishburne, Ice Cube, Kristy Swanson, Omar Epps
Directed by John Singleton

by Linda Galvin

The young earnest farmboy from Idaho who is prepared to do anything in order to earn respect. The sexually naive girl from Disneyland who is eager to participate in a worthwhile group. The black athlete on a (partial) scholarship resisting the system which he believes favours white over black people which makes him have to work harder in order to succeed in his studies. The resistant, self-educated black man (Ice Cube) who stands alone as a leader to those who will follow him. The professor whose teachings seem somewhat dogmatic in light of the reality of the student's situations. All of these characters are people who we have seen at some point in our lives if we were to reduce them to a stereotype. *Higher Learning* tells its story through these characters as their worlds slowly unravel separately until they eventually collide transforming Singleton's story into a bold statement.

Most likely some people will go see this film and be utterly bored. When I watched the film certain audience members stated, "that's the worst movie I've seen in a long time" and "the commercial was better" (was it?). Agreeably, the film does require some pa-



Professor Phipps (Lawrence Fishburne) consoles Malik (Omar Epps) after a campus tragedy.

ience to sit through. However, Singleton's mode of filmmaking is dependent upon adapting his style according to the subject matter of the story. In *Boyz n the Hood*, Singleton told the story of

young black boys growing up on the streets of Los Angeles facing death every day, which was expressed in a specific street lingo. *Poetic Justice* attempted to reveal the pangs of love ex-

perienced by a burgeoning young woman through a language of poetry. (Incidentally, I felt this second film was wishy-washy.) Now Singleton is attempting to reveal the ills of society through the microcosm of the University Institution, a place of higher learning where people generally should have moved beyond the constraints of racism and recognized the unique qualities inherent in each individual person. The film is more of an ideological statement - a philosophy on celluloid - than it is a traditional narrative.

Central to Singleton's declaration is Professor Phipps (Lawrence Fishburne) whose personal consultations with students are rather patronizing yet hold much credence in fact. Professor Phipps' primary goal is to ensure that his students "learn how to think". At the end, Professor Phipps is emblematic of the process of unlearning amidst the ever-present, hulking statue of Columbus and the American flag. *Higher Learning* sends an important message which should not be ignored by both critics and moviegoers who perhaps should unlearn the classical form of story telling, (through identification of characters) so that they might listen to what the film says.

RECORDS & REVIEWS

The Shadow Puppets: Slouching Into 1999

by Michael Kaler

I had the pleasure — and yes, it actually was a pleasure, I'm not just saying that — of speaking to Rob Joy (guitar, vocals) and Mauro Bellotto (bass, vocals) of the Shadow Puppets recently. They talked about their background, their plans for the future, and their music while devouring a Kos breakfast special (Rob) and demurely sipping a cup of coffee (Mauro). They'd just come from a rehearsal, and while it was luck that determined who showed up from the band, it seemed appropriate that it would be one of the founders, Rob, and the new kid on the block, Mauro. Not only is Mauro new to the band, but his instrument is also new in the band: he's their first bassist, though they've been around for two years. They did, however, use session bassists on their album. In fact, it was this that made them decide to add a bassist for live shows: as Rob said, if you need bass for the recording, why wouldn't you want it for live stuff? As well, he pointed out that "it's easier to get people to groove to the songs we want them to groove to" with a bassist. (Being myself a bassist, I would add the scientifically-proven fact that not having a bassist is like eating mashed potatoes without using your hands or arms: it can be done, but I don't want to see it.) Mauro's first gig with them was broadcast on Rita McNeil's show on CBC, which is a pretty high-profile audition, a few months back, and since then he's been getting more and more integrated into the band's sound.

In addition to Rob and Mauro, the band includes Mitch Miller (keys), the ubiquitous Jeff Burke (bassoon) and Ali

Lipson (percussion and vocals). Their drummer, Ilios Stergiannis, is leaving the band to pursue his jazz playing: his last Toronto show with them will be March 3rd at C'Est What? Any aspiring drummers out there?

I asked them why someone who had never seen them before should go to see them, and — although taken aback for a moment — Rob said that they had an intimate feel — "like we're sitting on your



couch and passing around a guitar." They don't like to feel separated from their audience. That's a good thing.

Without my even asking them they described their sound as "layered". All of them write for the band, and sometimes they even write each other's parts, which they feel gives the band a more varied, yet simultaneously unified, sound. Songs don't stay the same once they've been learned: they'll tinker with them until they start sounding right, and then they'll tinker with them to find another kind of right sound. I

wondered if this produced any kind of ego tension within the band, and Rob said that it didn't — "the song's ego is the only one that matters." He also likens the process of arrangement to a tug-of-war, with the song being the rope — "and the rope doesn't belong to any one." This approach is evident in other things as well: the band is definitely a democracy, and most issues are decided unanimously. They write about a variety of things — hats are one topic that

caught my ear; they've also written a song that they hope won't be taken wrongly about business-types treating them badly. Kill the suits! (That's my sentiment, actually: they seemed a lot calmer about the issue, although their annoyance showed when they talked

about sending material to various corporate types and the suits not even bothering to acknowledge receipt, let alone give them help or advice.) They are a present completely independent: they released their album all by themselves, and also manage themselves. They don't want to get signed to a major (I guess that's why they're not planning on moving to California and growing mohawks) but they would like to hook up with an independent label. If only for the distribution. At a major, they feel they'd be "lost in the shuffle". One cool way of

getting on the road without an agent that they've devised is to bring out-of-town bands into Toronto to open up for them, and then opening up for those bands in their home towns. Admittedly, other bands have done it too, but it's a darn good idea, and as they say, it builds a sense of community. When I asked them about local bands that they dig, they named — among others — Time Warp, the ever-so-sadly defunct Lowest of the Low, and Liberty Street, which — INNIS BAND ALERT! — has an actual Innisite in it. (Then again, so did hillead for a while.)

When they first got together, it was while mourning for the Blue Moon Saloon — both Rob and Jeff used to play there regularly, although I'm sure that has nothing to do with why it closed down. Then they just wanted to get some music happening. By now, they feel secure enough about the band — and happy enough in it, and while that could be just hype I believe them, cuz they seemed like really nice people — to be making longer-range plans, which include lots of touring and a new album and video in September. They've planned what Rob described as a "unique" promotional campaign for the video, but they wouldn't give me any more info than that, so I guess you'll have to wait and see.

My final question concerned what they'd like to be doing on New Year's Eve in 1999, and they decided that they wanted to be playing in a bar in Germany — I'm not sure why Germany, but what the heck — with at least a couple more albums out. Let's hope it happens.

Borphan Discovers U of T's "Mortal" Pro

by Borphan and Hubert

A few weeks ago I met a fellow raver after my Taoist Philosophy class. The situation was not unlike anything that you may have experienced. Simply enough, Hu-man and I were about to leave class, both with our packed bags. As we were talking about the Rave we were going to attend on the upcoming Saturday, this fellow passed us a rave promotion flyer. Looking at it, I glanced over at the name of the promotion company, in bold letters it stated: MORTAL PROMOTIONS.

Quickly chatting with Paul, the promoter, I discovered that he and two other people were running MORTAL PROMOTIONS!!! GAD ZUKES!!! A U of T student who was running a Rave!!! My imagination up to now had never conceived of a student from the hallowed halls of U of T running a Rave — although I have personally harboured dreams of running my own.

As the many weeks passed by, I discovered myself bumping into Paul more and more often, each time predictably at a Rave. The first time after Taoist Philosophy was at a party run by SLIP'D & THE JUNGLIST CREW called MARKED FOR DEATH, and recently at a SUBB party. At SUBB I had the idea of interviewing Paul, and with his permission, I was given a very candid and personable interview with a person I found to be all too human.

I discovered that Paul was 21 and also a first-year student living and coping with the scholarly grind. Like myself, he is also having problems coping with certain aspects of being a university student, but from his accomplishments he has learned many valuable, if not hard, lessons. He has discovered that you must be focused in what you want to do to actually accomplish anything, that you must create a niche for yourself in the world, and in all this "peruse what you really enjoy". Jokingly I told him he re-

sembles me of my mother — thoughtfully though, I must tend to agree.

Meeting two kindred souls in a small Rave scene two-and-a-half years ago, Paul has founded in them and himself MORTAL PROMOTIONS. This grew out of an incredible adoration of Rave and all its music. For a year-and-a-half his friend and partner Dave would go with him to every Rave, not just the Saturday-night parties, but to many of the Friday-night parties. For this time-period in his life Rave had insinuated

should be. "We don't gear to overwhelming large parties...we tend to bring people together." When I asked what this phenomenon was, he said, "It's a community spirit. We want the core people to go, the people who are sort of quasi-religious about the whole experience."

With this success they contemplated a really large party, but they put it off. This decision was out of annoyance that the "scene" had become too competitive. When asked about this he replied: "At the time, if

tered".

Perhaps one reason why Paul and many others including myself would like this "back-to-basics" attitude towards Rave, is our major concern for people who actually attend them. "Two years ago you couldn't find anyone under 18 at a given Rave — but now you find a major shift. Now you find children — a lot of the older people are concerned. It is our impetus as older Raves to create an optimum environment in which people can have a safe psychedelic experience." Paul is referring to drugs and how in many circumstances they are overly abused by those of us who are not fully educated about their dangers.

This concern runs fairly deep in many individuals who are connected with the "scene". There is a campaign called the Crystal Sucks campaign run by a veteran Raver (one of Paul's friends) who advises against the use of Crystal Meth. To many unsuspecting users, Crystal Meth is also known under other names such as Crank, Speed, and the notorious Ice (which is the smokable form of Crystal). About its seriousness Paul stated, "You only have to do Crystal once to do a heart attack.

Kids assume that there will be no side effects, believing that it is alright recreationally. But it is a serious chemical to be involved in."

I must agree with Paul's sentiments. I have found over the past couple of years, and humorlessly enough, the past couple of chemical experiments, that some things are really dangerous. Although the media constantly hypes things to incredible proportions, one must remember that behind such shock-effect tactics there are statistics behind the articles. People actually die from chemical usage. Using everything appropriately and reasonably is smart — moderation does work! WE'RE ALL NOT MORTAL! BIG FUCKING SURPRISE!



itself into his life; simply put, "It was a priority."

Initially while they flitted with the idea of a Rave company, they were promoting for other Rave companies. Doing it only intermittently, they did not take promotions extremely seriously. But when they did, it culminated into a party they called FATALITY. Held on a Thursday night last August they brought in over four hundred people. Four hundred people may not sound like a lot, but it's huge for a Thursday-night party that included a DJ mix-off. Paul attributes the success to the fact that he knew many people, that his time going to Raves was time well-spent networking with individuals who shared his vision for what Rave

you couldn't put up \$30,000-40,000 for a party, you weren't going to get anywhere." I asked if this attitude had changed. "This has not changed, but there is a division in the scene. There are enormously large parties thrown for the enjoyment of anyone who may go. And there are small parties that focus on a particular musical genre."

When asked about MORTAL PROMOTIONS' party THE OUTWORLD, he stated, "It's not geared towards a particular type of music, but the idea of getting people into a cozier venue. Trying to bring it back to what it was two years ago when it was based on a positive collective." He believed that this collective was a rave where "the presence of every person mat-

RECORDS & REVIEWS

everything: the Band

by Julia the Girl

Slayer
Divine Intervention
(American)

This is **Slayer's** sixth full-length studio effort, and, incredibly for a mainstream band, there's still no let-up in the power and aggression. Like its predecessor *Seasons in the Abyss*, *Divine Intervention* is a seamless blend of the speed-driven rage that made *Reign in Blood* the finest metal LP ever, with the more brooding, riff-oriented heaviness of *South of Heaven*. With the exception of some distorted vocals on Side 2 (especially "Serenity In Murder") and an acoustic part or two (which is, I suppose, par for the course with metal), the album is musically excellent throughout; "Dittohead" stands out by virtue of its early-DRI (i.e. "Reaganomics")-reminiscent thrash barrage.

Lyrical, however, this is a tough one to figure out, and a tougher one yet to like. Lyricists Kling and Araya seem to have a deep fascination with fascism and the nihilism inherent in the moral void behind fascism. In the psyche of the alienated they find much inspiration for songs of serial killers and psychopaths. Unlike third-rate shock-rock merchants like Cannibal Corpse and their ilk, Slayer never blatantly glorify or celebrate their subjects, but these coldly-objective accounts of abuse and horror can be hard to stomach nonetheless, and the lack of even implicit outrage or condemnation makes them all the more disturbing.

Having examined the brutality that individuals bring to other humans, Slayer then turn their attention to governments, ostensibly forces of moral authority that exist to end these crimes, and once again in songs like "Fictional Reality" and "Dittoheads", they find a vacuum. Just as in "Sex Murder Art", where it is said of a murder victim "you're nothing", the perceived impotence of legal authority to effectively deal with these problems in a liberal democracy brings "Dittoheads" to proclaim, "The legal system has no spine...nothing to regret... Administrative anarchy, there's nothing".

This LP worships power — of the strong individual over the weak individual, of the state over all individuals, and of power itself over any morality. Says the title-track, "No mercy, no reason, just pain" and if *Divine Intervention* is a record intended to present Slayer's world-view of power and nihilism, that line is as good a summation for it as any.

Simon Harvey

Emily is sitting in our cosy living room and I'm trying to write down quotes, but she's talking too fast. Basically, she sings for this local band called everything. She's talking fast because she's excited that **Brendan McGuire** wants to produce and record their next album. Brendan has been recording bands like **Sloan**, **Jate** and **Superfriends** recently. Emily likes that fact, and I think the wild, high-tech light show at an Opera House gig only helped to boost the band's world-domination aspiration. Emily said some other stuff

but I didn't catch it with pen and paper. No matter — the music can speak for itself. People should just check out everything for themselves, so I won't piss off Em by trying to describe their music. I'll just say it's good to listen to, dance to, feel ecstatic/depressed to, drink beer to and the guitars always sound amazing, and they're playing the **Ultrasound** (free) on **February 8th** and at **Lee's Palace March 8th**. If melodies and loud rockin' guitar toons upset you, stay home.



"...The next year it's punk/
But you wear the same clothes and shoot the same junk
Think that you're hip but you will never be cool
Why don't you squares just drop dead baby?!!!"
-Angry Samoans 1979

V/A
Punk-o-rama
(Epitaph/Cargo)

Those of us who grew up with hardcore through the '80s participated in a grassroots display of the power of the individual to build his or her own culture, to communicate and travel and create outside the confines of market-driven simulacra and passing trends. Being hardcore is a life-affirming statement of independence, and such staple HC values as the DIY ethic, straight edge, vegetarianism/veganism, sexual/gender equality and the rejection of celebrity worship have left many of us a profoundly positive influence on our lives, and a durable haven from consumer society. This community still exists, and if you want it, it's there for you. Otherwise, well, there's always this CD...

You see, there's always a buck to be made, even if it means fucking with the very essence of whatever it is you've decided to sell. Take punk, for example. In 1976, the original punk bands burst forth and changed music forever, or so the traditional story has it. By 1979 we had "New Wave" instead, neutered, polished and highly saleable, and punk had died with the Sex Pistols. This isn't true, of course, although it works just fine for Sony. Punk really just split two ways, with the more commercial elements signing major-label deals and quickly being consigned to the status of quaint and petulant fad fodder of marketing schemes past, while

outfits like **Black Flag**, **Discharge**, **Middle Class**, **Dead Kennedys** and **Vancouver's Subhumans** took punk's incursions to their logical ends and, intentionally or not, created hardcore. Unlike so many musical movements before, hardcore successfully resisted the banalities of "rock" and the "music industry", and fifteen years later, DIY punk thrives.

Unable to co-opt hardcore punk, the majors came up with the "alternative" concept, a neat way to repackage Van Halen-style hard rock and sell billions of dollars worth of CDs, nose-rings and Dr Marten boots in the process. And if, as the average Pearl Glani fan had no doubt read in *Spin* or *Rolling Stone*, punk died in 1978, then what do nose-rings and Dr Marten boots and hair dye and horrid reggae-tinged songs about "wanting to riot?" spell out? Punk rock, of course! And if, as the average Pearl Glam fan no doubt believes, being "Punk" is real "Underground" and being "Under-ground" is real hip (hipness being true "Nirvana"), what does that mean? Well, punk rock is cool!

And, what with "The Average Pearl Glani Fan" being a demographic encompassing many millions of Green Day-loving hipsters nowadays, what will be the inevitable result? CDs like this, regrettably.

This is the New Wave of the '90s, an overview of the most lifeless and ir-



Portishead
Dummy
(Go! Discs Limited)

Ice-blue fire meets quivering metal; with technical elegance, **Portishead** transports the listener to a plane of sensual grooves and peaceful pleasure.

An ethereal blend of synthesized noise, their debut album elevates them to a high degree of musicianship. Mixing the traditional with the new, they produce an innovative package of smooth, cool melodies.

Beth Gibbons' sweet voice tightens the gap between the floating notes of the keyboards and syncopated break beats. Though soft in execution, she exerts solid control over the miasma of scratchy sound. In "Sour Times" we follow her wailing crescendo to a jolting climax of rhythmic euphoria. Sampling (the random integration of 'other' song phrases into the 'new' piece) is also carefully woven into this compilation and intensifies the mournful atmosphere that is created. Although there is a pervading gloom which colours this album, it is lovingly produced.

Achieving harmonious precision through the fearless union of classical instruments (strings, bass, guitar, and trumpet) with the synthesizer, **Portishead** removes the soul-less element from the technical equation. A collage of pensive tunes, *Dummy* is nothing but sublime.

Diane Sidik

relevant dress ever to be called punk outside England. From the **Motley Crue**-sounding rock of **RKL** and the **Offspring**, through the zero-authenticity fauxpunk of **Rancid** and "Total Ch@t" (please...), through to the bland "post-HC" snorefests of **Down By Law** and **Pennywise**, this is Punk Lite, not really punk at all — 100% artificial ingredients, not even softcore, just hand-sell of vicarious experience and empty signifiers and superficial trappings straight out of an '81 "Quincy" episode.

This is punk for people who don't want to get their hands dirty.

How apt that this steaming digital turd would start off with a track from **Suffer, Bad Religion's** 1988 comeback album. It was the huge success of this LP's slickly-produced, somewhat fast and melodic punk that ensured the release of countless subsequent **Bad Religion** LPs, each a little slower and slicker and more mundane than the last, and inspired a million insipid, gutless rock acts like **Pennywise** and the particularly loathesome **Offspring** to try and out-Bad Religion **Bad Religion**. This CD documents the resulting **Epitaph** roster in all its stinking shiny UPC code glory — inoffensive, insincere, sterile and ultimately, regardless of its title, the antithesis of punk.

Simon Harvey

PERFORMANCE

Schrodinger and Pandora are all boxed in

by Sally Blake

In January Hart House hosted the third annual University of Toronto Drama Festival, featuring six plays presented by numerous colleges and student organizations across U of T. The fledgling Innis Drama Club chose this festival to showcase its debut production: *Schrodinger and Pandora*.

It was a valiant effort.

Schrodinger and Pandora was written by Innisite Daniel Currie-Hall and directed by Laura Bil. The play is based in part upon the famous "Cat Experiment" of Erwin Schrodinger, a theoretical physicist who deals with the impossibilities of quantum mechanics. The experiment includes a large silver box (hence the introduction of famed box connoisseur Pandora) and a cat who smokes long cigarettes. The cat is placed in the box and the box is then filled with acid. As the experiment takes place out of view, no one actually knows the results. From what I gleaned as a mere arts student, Schrodinger's experiment created a simultaneous state of life and death. The impossibility of this state would question the concept of reality among scientists, cats and the universe in general.

Currie-Hall's genius with physics and the sublimely ridiculous are unquestionable. The script was creative and often times quite hilarious. But



Daniel Currie-Hall's play *Schrodinger and Pandora* borrows from the famous paradox involving a cat, a box and simultaneous states of life and death.

what could have been an unqualified triumph over Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy, came up just short of the Restaurant at the End of the Universe. Charles Yung was an unconvincing Erwin Schrodinger, whose wild hand movements made him appear more of an Italian conductor than an Austrian scientist. Kerry Levesque as the "cat" put in the strongest performance, but at times she seemed to purr when a whopping meow seemed more in order. Pandora was courageously played by Marianne Orlando, a part she learned

in less than five days.

Energy levels were down throughout the performance and combined disastrously with long scene breaks to further fragment the plot. Comic lines often went unheard and important climaxes were deadened by unimaginative direction. Currie-Hall's creativity seemed to take a nose dive in the last twenty minutes, introducing a bizarre romance between Pandora and Schrodinger that nobody but the cat seemed to understand. Snappy lines and wacky scientific pundits gave way to

whining poetry and sophoric philosophy.

The show did have its moments. Sergio Quibus combined newsprint and geometry to create a wonderful set, and the choice of music was perfect. Considering the inexperience of the Innis Drama Club, their efforts with Schrodinger and Pandora were commendable. They created art out of nothing but an idea, and managed to put Innis on the theatrical map. Congratulations to all those involved.

If you drink ... please write

by George Stone

These days people often choose to ignore the beneficial effects which alcohol can have when consumed by happy, non-violent people who take a joyful and spirited approach to life. Now, I certainly do not advocate excessive alcohol consumption at any time other than when you really want to, but nonetheless I must confess to being disappointed by the sheer number of abstemious individuals who are floating around out there in their own nebulous little awarenesses.

I call them DryMouths.

Although they may be cool in a sort of stupid, annoying way, DryMouths are not the sort of people you'd want to introduce to your real friends because most of them simply want to get laid but will not admit it. They lack the special spark of genuine weirdness by which true children of the universe recognize one another.

Anyway, it's because of the DryMouths that the advent of Pages and Pints was such a relief to me. Pages and Pints is an evening of readings by small-press or unpublished authors who congregate every Sunday night at Selynn's Bar and Restaurant at 335 Bloor w.

Organizer bartender Sang Kim said that he hopes the event will encourage writers who are already regulars at Selynn's to become even more regular. "The authors who perform at these things have to like bars," he said "because here one has to put up with all

that regular bar noise which does tend to disrupt a reading somewhat. Basically if they're not heavy duty drinkers, then they're not invited."

In a city infested by coffee-houses which are painfully intimate and even more painfully unlicensed, this attitude is welcome, because in such venues the DryMouths rule. Unfortunately their material is well ... masturbatory blither and if you have no choice but to listen to masturbatory blither either because your DryMouth friend wrote it or because you wrote it, then having a big frothy pint of coffee just doesn't do the trick. What does do the trick when enduring either your own well intentioned folly or someone else's is - BEER!

What separates masturbatory blither from well intentioned folly? This is a question as old as beer itself. For instance at the last Pages and Pints, I was alternately amused and annoyed by the first reader, Jim Donabie, who balanced a pint glass on his head as his way of asking for a refill, didn't really face the audience and kept screaming, "Fuck the Man!" in between his unintelligible incoherence.

Sang Kim was quick to point out that this isn't the sort of act he's interested in and indeed upcoming readers include Roger Burford-Mason (Feb. 5) who will read from his book *Radio Days*, published by Random House, as well as Commonwealth Prize winner (The Case of Emily V.), Keith Outley. There are also unconfirmed dates for Korean Canadian poet Ann Shin and

Patricia Grant & Paul Wilson who have translated Vaclav Havel's work.

But, to go back to the night in question, the second reader, Arwyn Carpenter, was much more engaging, because of her sincere delivery as well as the fact that she moved the mike-stand to face her listeners. Out of the evening's three performers, Miss Carpenter was the only one who really seemed to hold the audience.

The third reader - alright, alright - it was me - I was the third guy, but by that time the audience was way too drunk to care; it was like talking to a locust storm.

Just as I was beginning to read my last piece though, I noticed Jim Donabie starting to go out the door (although by that time he'd taken the pint glass off his head).

Now, Jim and I go way back. - as a matter of fact he and I had co-ordinated this very event and so I was more than a little steamed that he appeared to be leaving before I was even done.

"Hey!" I shouted into the microphone, "You there! Donabie! Asshute! You can't leave before I'm done!" Boy was that ever a mistake - he jumped up on stage, grabbed one of the other

mikes and started making orgasm noises into it, then the bartender got all pissed off and tried to stop him even though I didn't really mind cause that's just the way Jim is sometimes. There was also this really drunk philosophy major from Tennessee at the bar who was hitting relentlessly on our friends, Tiffany and Jessica and wanted to give them a book about deconstructionism and finally got thrown out for being such a dick. He is probably a DryMouth who is so stupid that even other DryMouths don't like him.

Anyway kids, the upshot of all this is that it's a lot of fun to go to these things, but it's more fun to participate rather than just watch because 1) You can usually get free or at least cheap beer. 2) That special someone might hear you read, recognize you as their soul mate and take you home to spend the night.

Although the entertainment may be of high quality, this is still no match for the over-all experience and it is only by experiencing life that one gets to live it. Therefore, I encourage all writers and drinkers to contact Sang Kim at Selynn's by calling 591-6859.

Support your local watering hole and literary scene!

Hey there, this is a new section whose purpose is to encourage and report involvement in all aspects of live performance, so go on out, participate in a cool event, then write about it and we'll lay it out so it looks real sharp and sexy.

George Stone, Geordie Teller, Eds.

PERFORMANCE

A Ludicrous conspiracy?

By R. Brown.

What the hell was Ludicrous Tuesday? Was it some kind of strange link to the assassination of JFK? Did it have anything to do with the recent rash of alien abductions that had been happening in the Metro area? Why were so many cod missing from the east coast?

It was my job to find out. I stepped off the Bathurst streetcar at Queen and walked west. The sidewalk took me past a tattoo parlour and a chinese restaurant that didn't even bother trying to be hip. I pulled my coat a little tighter to stave off the January cold and walked into the Indigo Café.

the indigo café

It looked innocent enough, but as every reporter knows, looks can be deceiving.

The Place was pretty much deserted; a young woman, presumably the owner, polished glasses behind the bar.

A man walked up to me. Perhaps he was just a bit too keen, a bit too enthusiastic. He looked like he might have something to hide. What the hell was "Ludicrous Tuesday?" What ever

it was, it was gaining momentum and a lot of people, specifically comedic performers, were talking about it.

The Man Who Was a Bit Too Keen introduced himself as Robert Hawke. I started asking questions.

"What is Ludicrous Tuesday?" I queried.

"Well we started doing Ludicrous Tuesdays right before Christmas. It's essentially a twice monthly event for some of the best and baddest comedic performers in the city to work out new stuff. We have anywhere from four to eight acts in an evening and everybody performs for about twenty minutes. It's a blast."

"What do you mean 'we'?"

"George Stone and I are organizing it. So far it's been great."

I smelled Nepotism in the air like the fragrance of fresh mountain grown coffee brewing in the next room.

George Stone!

The George Stone that was now editor of this section of the paper?

What the hell was happening to the media? Somewhere, Noam

Chomsky was chuckling to himself.

"What's your angle?" I asked

The Man Who Was a Bit Too Keen.

"Angle?" He looked quizzical.

"Ya-angle. What are you getting out of this?"

was that occasionally there was no music between the different scenes which tended to dissipate the momentum that was built up by the performers.

The Indigo Café is not a huge venue; in fact, you could even describe

Ludicrous! -TUESDAYS-

"I don't know. I get to see what a lot of the performers are doing and sometimes I even book myself for the evening."

"Then you yourself perform?"

"Ya, I do a show called the Surreal Detective. Look why don't you stick around for a while and watch."

I grabbed a seat as the crowd came in and the show began.

For the next two hours, I proceeded to laugh my guts out; troupes such as Partial Malfunction, Four Strombones and Something Good did their mix of biting comedy while Hawke performed a segment from his bizarre and engaging one-man show, The Surreal Detective. Meanwhile a distinct contrast was provided by stand-up berserker, Mista Mo.

My only criticism of the evening

it as "quite intimate" with a really close and warm feel to it. Other comedic performers were in the audience offering support and the evening had the feeling that performers were trying out their material for each other.

After the show I caught up with Hawke again.

"When are you running this thing again?"

"It's every 2nd Tuesday. The next one is on February 7th at 9pm."

I walked out the door and into the bitter winter air. The street was empty as I walked back toward Bathurst and boarded a north-bound streetcar. Ludicrous Tuesday didn't seem to have anything to do with the grassy knoll or strange creatures known as 'greys' or even with the demise of the eastern Cod-stocks - At least on the surface anyway ...

But when all is said and done what does the whole thing mean?

by Christopher Simpson

If, like so many of us, you have been consumed by the need to know what Mr. Rogers keeps in his closet - aside from those ubiquitous cardigans - the opportunity to find out is at hand. On March 4th, the Program in Semiotics will present its fourth annual soirée, *Théâtre Semiotique*, sponsored by Victoria College.

The soirée was developed as a means whereby the theory and practice of Semiotics could be presented to the "un-initiated" in a fashion that is instructive, theatrical, and yet ultimately dignified. Past performances include: a man's existential struggles with an inflatable doll; Moses (Znaimer) returning from the mountain; and the adventures of bohbit's "bohbed-bit" during those lonely hours before it was at last found and restored to its proper structural position.

The show is written, directed and performed by Semiotics students employing the latest in cutting-edge conceptual technology. Deconstruction, for instance, is a primary tool used not only in the skits themselves, but also in the process by which the skits are created: a process not unlike throwing your television set, along with discarded tabloids and Elvis tapes, into a paper shredder and then gluing the pieces back together.

This year's soirée features the Tonight Show with Jay Leno, a program which enjoys a high degree of popularity among immobile and institutionalized patients. His guests will include Mr. Rogers, Tony Robbins, and Elvis to name but a few.

Special attention will also be given to the world of advertising through a refreshingly twisted series of "Devry Institute of Technology Breakdown" commercials, in which the audience follows Joel Plawutsky through his dubious career as a perpetual DeVry Student.

Admission is a suggested donation of \$5.00 (or whatever you can afford). A portion of the proceeds will be donated to Sick Children's Hospital. Hold onto your tickets for the raffle which follows the performance. Prizes will include electronic equipment and dinner for two, donated by local Toronto Merchants. Refreshments will be available after the raffle.

Théâtre Semiotique starts at 7pm on March 4th in the lecture auditorium of Northrop Frye (Room 003). Invite your friends and family out for an affordable evening of entertainment. For further information regarding the soirée you may telephone Prof. Marcel Danesi at his office: (416) 585-4412.

This year, no protective gear is required.



If your life is a search for meaning then you should be sure to attend the Program in Semiotics' Fourth annual soirée on Mar. 4. Maybe it will all become clear (but who are we kidding?).

the innis herald: february 1995.

PERFORMANCE

Local talent puts out high-fibre energy in the name of hemp

By Michael Berry

There is always something suspicious about bands doing benefits, whether it's for AIDS, Multiple Sclerosis or Jerry's Kids. I mean what are they really after? Fame, like say a little publicity for themselves since the only way to get the camera down to a gig is either a benefit or a T & A show case.

This question of motivation is thank fully wholly gone for the recent Hemp for Victory Revue that was held at Lee's Palace on Tuesday, January 17th. All the participants were truly for and not together for the Hemp as an all-purpose medicinal-practical

natural product that should and hopefully someday will be completely legal- ized.

The evening was presided over by the eccentric but quite movingly funny articulate Doctor Sunach, who introduced each of the bands. The sponsors and organizers of this event did an excellent job of getting the hemp support out as well as local FANS of the various groups. The organizers were Hemp Canada and the two main persons of the band Trans Love Airways: Kim and Steve. The turn out was fantastic - the place was packed to the semi-rafters.

The first group to grace the stage, the Jackie Jost group (after it's whimsely

lovely, blonde bassist, singer, song-writer, Jackie Jost), introduced an interesting dose of partly Doors-like/Poe-esque rock to the evening and had the crowd in their pocket with their hit song, "Dance Little Children". Jackie was accompanied by the increasingly well known and peripatetic figure of poet-guitarist, Nik Best and the youthful locking drummer, Jeremy Jacobs. The next group, Lorded, gave a great set of powerful funk-pop that contrasted beautifully with the more languid, laid back sounds of Trans-Love Airways, whose loping, psychedelic-in-the-nineties-rock was the perfect coda to a Hemp benefit.

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